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Mail

A Correction

The painting "Maya Vestida" appearing on page 21 of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST is erroneously attributed to El Greco. Actually, the canvas is the work of Goya. Because the photograph was in a four-page section printed in advance of the rest of the magazine, the error unfortunately was not discovered in time to be corrected in type.—*The Editor.*

Variety

By ROBERT FOLKES—

A year ago last April, several of your articles on sports "clicked" so well with me that I started a scrap-book of that department of your magazine. Here are some facts you should be pleased to know:

Within fifty-two weeks, your sports department has covered more than sixty different sports with feature articles. Some sports, such as golf, baseball, football and basketball, have been covered by more than three articles. In addition, ninety-five interesting little Sport Shots peppered the main dishes. Variety, I calls it! Norfolk, Virginia.

Glassy-Eyed?

By FRED N. BIERCE—

In the first issue of this year, you had an article on the manufacture of glass eyes. In your thorough description of this art, you said there was about one person in 300 who had lost an eye. Discussing the subject last night with a man who sells glass eyes, I quoted your article to him. He insisted that

(Continued on page 39)

Mary

Has TWO New Dresses

TWO dresses for less than her mother used to pay for *one*. Mary's new ready-made dresses, compared with those her mother bought 20 years ago, are in better style, have fast colors, and are chosen from a far wider range of exciting new fabrics.

Why can Mary have *two* new dresses today?

It is because of the amazing progress the textile industry has made in the last two decades. It is because research scientists and engineers have worked to improve processes and to give the public more for its money. More goods for more people—at less cost.

It is because General Electric engineers and research scientists have contributed to this progress. More than forty years ago, they initiated the first use of electricity in the textile industry. Today, every modern loom has its individual electric drive, and electric control which governs the quality of the unrolling yards of fine, sleek fabric. General Electric scientists have perfected instruments to test and match the colors, and to keep the weft straight and true.

Electric equipment—much of it especially designed by G-E engineers for textile applications—increases production, protects expensive machines, prevents delay and spoilage, lowers costs. In short, General Electric engineers are in the "efficiency business," and the economies they help to effect enable millions of American Marys and Helens and Ruths to buy *two* new dresses where otherwise they could buy only one.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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SYMBOL OF SERVICE
This country's good telephone service did not just happen. It has been made possible by the organization and development of the Bell System.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
EXCHANGE 2368

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — JUNE 19, 1937

Topics of the day

CHAINING MARS WITH RUBBER BANDS

Neutrality Act, Pulled by Peace Vs. Prosperity, Stretches

It was broiling midsummer, 1935. Italy was about to fling her legions through the passes leading to Addis Ababa. France, peering nervously over the Alps, watched with mounting apprehension the bustling preparations for the civilizing of Ethiopia. Britain whispered unofficially that she might ask America to help her restrain the determined *Duce*.

In Washington, Congressmen suddenly became aware that it was 1914 again. Peace-minded before they were New Deal-minded, they stopped bickering about reform and recovery, began discussing ways and means of Keeping America Out of It. By the end of August, there was a Neutrality Act on the books.

Altho in less than two years it has twice rewritten this act, Congress is by no means confident that it has legislated America into permanent peace. Last week, a bloc of Senators headed by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Gerald P. Nye and Bennett Champ Clark was agitating for another reconsideration of the country's peace law.

Hotchpotch—As it stands to-day, the Neutrality Act is a novel compound of mandatory and discretionary provisions. Thus, when the President of the United States has decided that "there exists a state of war between or among two or more foreign States," it becomes illegal for Americans:

1. To ship arms, ammunition, or implements of war to belligerents.
2. To travel on ships belonging to the nations in conflict.
3. To lend money to these countries.

If the President feels that further steps are necessary to Keep America Out of It, he may:

1. Proclaim that exports of all kinds may be cleared from American ports only after title to them has been transferred from American citizens to foreign citizens or corporations.
2. List certain commodities which it would be illegal for American vessels to transport.
3. Close American ports to war-ships, submarines or merchantmen of belligerent countries.

The first two discretionary items are the so-called cash-and-carry provisions of the act. In effect, they say to nations at war: "If you want our goods, call for them with your own ships, pay cash for them, carry them home at your own risk." Senators Vandenberg, Nye and Clark would like to make it mandatory upon the President to put this section of the law into operation immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities.

"Cash-and-carry" has been and will continue to be the focus of criticism of the growing group of Americans who think that, if European armies begin to mobilize, neutrality will be about as enforceable as prohibition.

Discounting the probability of American shippers finding loopholes in this legislation large enough to pilot a tramp steamer through, the provisions of the law are not so air-tight as they appear. European Powers are unmoved, doubtless, over the embargo on loans.

Their cash balances in this country, amounting to more than $1,250,000,000, and their securities and other investments, worth $5,750,000,000, comprise a credit reserve of about $7,000,000,000—enough to buy anything they might want from this country for at least the first two years of a general war. From July 1, 1914, to December 31, 1916, America's total sales to the belligerent and neutral countries of Europe amounted to $7,076,627,000.

As for the "carry" part of cash-and-carry, more than one critic has argued that the Power which controls the seas in the next war will be virtually allied with the United States, since she will be able to send her ships to "neutral" American ports for as much cotton, copper, oil or foodstuffs as she needs.

Acme

Secretary Hull's most ardent diplomatic wooing couldn't budge Argentina's Saavedra Lamas

Flaws—More vital was the flaw pointed out by A. Lawrence Lowell, President Emeritus of Harvard University, and Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War in Wilson's Cabinet, in a dialog on American neutrality which they conducted in Boston last month. It illustrated the highly delicate problems in diplomacy which Peace-at-Any-Price some day may dump into the lap of the State Department.

A.L.L.—Suppose a war should break out between Germany on one side and England and France on the other. May Germany not think the "cash-and-carry" unduly favorable to the belligerents that control the sea?

N.D.B.—You mean that by the recent act she is practically forbidden to obtain, through neutral shipping, raw materials unless they are paid for in cash, which she has not, and can not get from credits in America; whereas England and France could do so by means of their credits already here, and gold at home; all which might seem to her an unjust and intentional discrimination?

A.L.L.—May Germany not feel that the Neutrality Act is so unfair, so partial, so unneutral toward a belligerent situated as she is, as to justify reprisals?

N.D.B.—That may be so, but to what reprisals could she resort?

A.L.L.—There is no small amount of American property and credits in Germany, largely in the form of loans and purchases by unwise bankers. These she could sequestrate—that is, take into custody of the Government, to be restored at the close of the war. . . . This property would be practically confiscated. . . . In such a case, what could we do?

Slump—If reprisals of this kind did not drag America from her cash-and-carry corner and shove her into war, a still more irritating situation might arise which would provoke her into arms.

Gloomy figures indicate that the peace-at-any-price embargoes could instigate a depression which would make the 1929 collapse look like a hole in a small boy's pocket.

The first branch of American industry to suffer in case of a general European war would be munitions. Even in peacetime, this country carries on a fairly brisk trade in guns, tanks, arms, ammunition, planes, war supplies. During March and April, the State Department granted 898 export licenses—as provided in one section of the Neutrality Act—for munitions shipments totaling $7,718,124. At this rate, the arms trade averages $50,000,000 annually.

As for other commodities, American ships carry about 37 per cent. of this country's foreign trade.

This means that if the President resorted to his discretionary neutrality powers, America's merchant marine would lose upward of $374,000,000 a year in export shipping. Regardless of what foreign merchantmen might call for and carry off in the way of food and farm products, American shippers would drop about $189,000,000 in this category alone.

More than 160,000 farmers are directly dependent upon the exportation of cotton. What would happen to them as country after country fell under our neutrality restriction, as thousands of bales began piling up on the docks at Galveston, Mobile and New Orleans?

Illustration—And this would be only the beginning of unemployment. For purposes

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of rough illustration, it can be estimated that for every $800 lopped off American export trade, one man or woman worker is dropped from employment-rolls. In 1936, the United States did an export business of $2,453,056,000.

Production for export represents 6.2 per cent. of total American production and provides jobs for 6.2 per cent. of the gainfully employed workers—in figures, about 3,000,000 men and women. Thus, if this country lost $1,000,000,000 worth of export business, 1,200,000 workers would be deprived of jobs.

It has been said that whatever trade losses America might suffer in Europe or in the Orient through her cash-and-carry neutrality could be made up in South America, particularly in affluent Argentina. But how does Argentina feel about it?

At the Buenos Aires Conference last December, suave Secretary of State Cordell Hull found that he had traveled 6,000 miles only to have two uncomfortable suspicions confirmed: that the most ardent diplomatic wooing could not win Argentina's smart Foreign Minister, Carlos Saavedra Lamas, to an embargo-type neutrality pact and that equally smart Argentine producers already were grabbing a sizable portion of European trade which normally goes to America, but which is being scared off by the uncertainties of a cash-and-carry future.

Ties—European nations have investments in Argentina amounting to $3,500,000,000. In 1936, the country sold $650,000,000 worth of cereals, meats, hides, etc., in London and on the Continent. Chile is sending more than half her total exports to Europe, Uruguay upward of 60 per cent., Bolivia 90 per cent. and these percentages will go up, for why should France, England and Italy hold on to American commercial ties that will be clipped by neutrality scissors as soon as war starts, as soon as their need for materials becomes acute?

Ironically enough, America's peace-at-any-price program goes into effect just at a time when she is making auspicious plans for expansion in trade and shipping. The State Department has reciprocal trade agreements, in effect now or in prospect, with nineteen countries. Europe and Asia are likely to look on these pacts as a grim joke when men begin to march and the cereal stream from the Port of New York dwindles to a rivulet.

And what of the American merchant-marine program? By 1942, 90 per cent. of America's 8,500,000 tons of tankers, tramps and colliers will be obsolete. Of all seafaring countries, the United States ranks lowest in point of new ships built during the past ten years. The Maritime Commission has ambitious plans for improving this condition. It proposes to spend $160,000,000 during the next three years for ninety-five new ships. Yet, more than likely, if Europe goes to war, this brand-new merchant-fleet will be idling in the nation's harbors, made fast by the anchor of cash-and-carry.

Summary—Last week, Mrs. Roosevelt made this concise summary of the economic aspects of technical neutrality:

"Even if we keep our men at home, we'll pay in a lower standard of living here and decreased trade relations. The world is too closely knit together for one part to go broke and the other not to feel it."

Hutten from Black Star

Basque priests make daily rounds of refugee children in England while Washington puzzles about admitting them to U. S.

FATE'S HOSTAGES: Basque Child Refugees Are Political Football in Muddled Washington

President Roosevelt found 500 Basque children in his official lap last week.

Humanitarians advocated taking in the victims of the Spanish civil war. Diplomats parried for time—would this be taking sides? Child-welfare groups vetoed taking any children so far from home. Church groups and Congressmen shouted, "Communist propaganda." Politicians suggested the issue might be used for campaign purposes in Catholic communities.

Ruckus—The already complicated immigration laws were called to the fore. A $500 bond will be required for each child, shouted one faction. It will be raised, answered supporters of the movement.

Children must be accompanied by or met by a parent. They will be accompanied by priests and teachers, retorted the American Board of Guardians for Basque Refugee Children.

From all over the country, 2,700 families applied for custody of the children. A dangerous precedent, advised professional child-welfare authorities. To this the Board inquired how it could be a precedent, since the Labor Department already had allowed 250 refugee German-Jewish children to enter the country within the past two years.

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins looked into the matter, conferred with both sides, passed the question back to the State Department. Under Secretary of State Sumner Wells looked further into the matter, professed personal sympathy, but official doubt, sent it back to Mme. Perkins, whose daughter, Suzanne Wilson, said: "The Basque children should be kept nearer their home."

Buck—Under pressure from one side to keep the children out and stronger popular feeling from another that they should be allowed to enter the country. Mme. Perkins passed the matter to the President.

Without making official comment, the Chief Executive is said to have told the American Board that if it could enlist the support and collaboration of some prominent Catholic welfare society, the plan might be engineered successfully. This would show "its good intent," was the implication. As it was not an Executive measure, however, the matter again was placed in the hands of the Secretary of Labor, who passed it on to the American Board.

If the children are allowed to come to this country, the State Department will waive personal visés for them, permitting a blanket visé. The customary $500 bond likewise would be waived. Pending completion of arrangements, the United States liner *President Roosevelt* would touch at Bordeaux and pick up the initial batch of sixty children.

At the offices of the American Board of Guardians for Basque Refugee Children in New York, it was learned that President Roosevelt had sent a sympathetic telegram earlier, but stated the matter was up to the Labor and State Departments.

Games—Meanwhile, in Saint Jean de Luz, France, the children played, ate and slept like other children. They didn't know the minor headaches they were causing in distant Washington.

The Duchess of Atholl has headed the Committee in France which has been placing the refugee Basque children. France has cared for more than 8,500; England 4,000; Belgium, 500; Mexico, 500; the Netherlands and other countries, smaller numbers.

Associated with the Duchess on the American Board is William E. Dodd, Jr. son of the U. S. Ambassador to Germany.

The American Committee is headed by Dr. Frank Bohn, broad-shouldered son-in-law of Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper. On the American Board are Albert Einstein, Dorothy Thompson, Prof. James T. Shotwell, Rep. Caroline O'Day, Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve and Mary E. Woolley, President Emeritus of Mount Holyoke College. Associate Secretaries are

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Algernon Black and Pauline Emmet. Gardner Jackson is the Washington representative.

Foeman—Leading the opposition is Rep. John W. McCormack of Massachusetts. He has told associates that he has private assurance from the State Department that none of the Basque children will reach these shores.

"It would be a most unfortunate act to have these children brought to the United States," he wired THE LITERARY DIGEST, "when it is absolutely unnecessary, thereby in all probability uprooting them permanently from their own homes and the homes of their forebears for countless generations."

Miss Grace Abbott, an official delegate to the International Labor Conference in Geneva, also is opposed. She believes the children should be taken care of in Europe, as near as possible to Spain. In this she was supported at first by Miss Perkins in the idea that funds be raised here to care for the children abroad.

Fear of political exploitation of the Basque refugees was expressed by Martin H. Carmody, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus. "The attempt of the American Board of Guardians for Basque Children to bring 2,000 Basque children to the United States is an unholy exploitation of children for communistic propaganda purposes," he wired.

STEEL VS. STEEL: Both Iron-Willed, Capital and Labor Are Having It Out

Trouble boomed all over the labor front last week.

Some 3,000 automobile workers piled into the business district of Lansing, Michigan, forced stores and theaters to close, blockaded streets and tied the city in a knot with a twelve-hour labor holiday.

Traffic-lights stopped blinking, trolley-cars stalled, stock-tickers died as disgruntled workers jerked power-house switches and gave Michigan's Saginaw Valley a bad case of electric paralysis.

A truck laden with food for beleaguered non-strikers in the Republic Steel Corporation's Youngstown plant whizzed by dumfounded pickets, roaring through the company gates at sixty miles an hour. Two policemen and three strikers had their heads punched in rioting which followed. A city-wide general strike loomed.

Angry pickets tore up four lengths of railroad track leading into Republic Steel's Warren, Ohio, plant after they had been surprized by railroad crews who moved fifteen car-loads of limestone, acid, dolomite and other supplies into the mill. A picket captain who tried to argue with a guard said he was hit on the jaw.

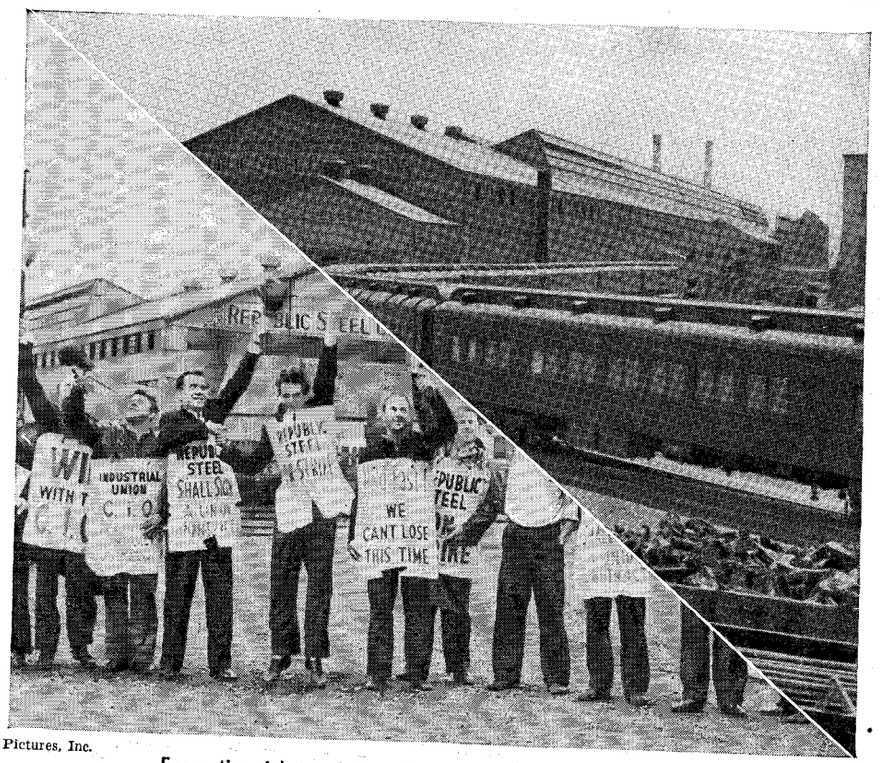
Nine non-union men were wounded by buckshot in Anderson, Indiana, as a meeting of 3,000 United Automobile Workers of America broke up.

Governors—Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania ordered seventy-five State Troopers to stand by the Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company, where the C.I.O. strike provoked fighting.

Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan ordered 350 National Guardsmen to watch over the tree-dotted Monroe State Park picnic grounds and surrounding highways when C.I.O. sympathizers gathered for a mass demonstration on the shores of Lake Erie. Van A. Bittner, steel-union leader, declared that routed C.I.O. pickets would be back within ten days.

Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio appealed to President Roosevelt to end all steel strikes.

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers and head of the C.I.O., ordered miners out of "captive mines" operated by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. "Captive mines" are those owned by steel companies, producing solely for their own consumption. Nine thousand, five hundred workers in seventeen mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia were affected.



Pictures, Inc.

Energetic pickets of Republic Steel plants oppose workers who sleep in Pullman-cars at night, right on company premises

Allies—Lewis stated also that an entente cordiale had been entered into by the C.I.O. and two independent railroad unions—the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen—in their mutual struggle against Bethlehem Steel at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin was mentioned as behind the formation of a new union, the Workers' Council for Social Justice. Purpose: the organization of the 90,000 workers at the Ford Motor Company plant at River Rouge.

These were a few of the high lights in the ever-changing picture of contemporary industrial warfare in eight States: Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New York, Ohio and Maryland.

The deadlock involving the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, the three independent producers, Republic, Inland and Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and 70,000-odd workers, entered its third week.

Fed—Altho, at the order of Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Republic had moved 600 "loyal" workers from its South Chicago plant to temporary quarters in Pullman-cars parked on the tracks in the company's yards, other non-strikers continued to eat and sleep amid machines and barrels in plants at Canton, Warren and Youngstown, continued to be a source of extreme irritation to pickets.

Occasionally, the smoldering resentment flared into head-on collisions between strikers and sheriffs' deputies or non-union men, as at Youngstown.

Meanwhile, the back-to-work movement begun a fortnight ago by non-union men who have been forced out of work and enthusiastically supported by their employers, continued to gather recruits. In Chicago, the Steel Workers' Independent Union and the Association of Steel Employees distributed cards exhorting, "Let's Go Back to Work," and boasting that "We are going to whip the C.I.O."

In Canton, the Chamber of Commerce mailed 6,465 ballots to Republic employees, discovering that 3,683 men wanted to return to work as against 216 who preferred to continue the strike. In tiny Monroe, Michigan, 88 per cent. of the employees of the Newton Steel Company, Republic subsidiary, declared that they were out of sympathy with the strike.

Alarms—Late in the week, Newton officials announced that they would throw open the plant to all men who wished to return to their jobs. At once there loomed the grim prospect of more trouble.

Monroe's robust, cigar-biting Mayor, Daniel A. Knaggs, issued a call for civilians "with military experience" to enlist as deputies to help crash the picket-line. Local American Legionnaires dusted off their tin hats. Young or old, Monroe citizens rushed to volunteer, for almost the whole town depended for its livelihood upon continuous operation of the steel-mill. In the opposition camp, C.I.O. leaders declared that they would summon "to arms" 10,000 glass and automobile workers from Toledo and Detroit to re-enforce the strikers.

But when the zero hour arrived, the

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"battle" proved to be lethal only in the imaginations of the participants. The C.I.O. "army" never materialized and the 300 pickets stood their ground only until they had felt the sting of tear gas hurled by the enraged citizenry.

U.S.P.O.—Aside from the row at Monroe and the skirmishing at Youngstown, the focus of interest on the steel-front was the United States post-office. To the charges of Republic officials a fortnight ago that postal authorities were acting in a discriminatory manner in not permitting packages of food and medicine to go through to besieged non-strikers in the plants at Warren and Niles, Ohio, James A. Farley's Department replied that it was continuing "normal" mail service as usual in the strike area.

Terming this answer "unsatisfactory," Republic's Chairman, Tom M. Girdler, announced last week that if postmasters at Niles and Warren persisted in their refusal to deliver food to the plants, he would "take such legal steps as may be available to us. . . ."

In Washington, Sen. H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire introduced a resolution demanding an investigation into "interference with the mails."

Weary—More spectacular than the mail dispute or the deadlock in the steel war were organized labor's temperamental outbursts in the strike-weary State of Michigan.

Upset by the arrest of eight pickets, United Automobile Workers in Lansing marched at dawn into the city's downtown district, surged around the City Hall, snarled traffic so effectively that citizens had to leave their cars and walk to work.

Within an hour, the pickets were free, some 15,000 workers were ready to return to their jobs. The "holiday" was over—but only so far as the C.I.O. was concerned.

Black-Out—Two days later the Saginaw Valley region, where Flint, Bay City and Saginaw are located, was feeling the effects of the most uncomfortable kind of labor demonstration yet devised—a power strike.

Soon, industry in three cities and 192 communities was almost stopped and some 500,000 people were beginning to grumble.

Meanwhile, the C.I.O. gained another recruit. At its fourth annual convention in St. Louis, the American Newspaper Guild voted to associate itself with the organization—breaking its earlier A.F.L. tie. Representing 11,112 members, the 133 delegates also reelected Heywood Broun, Scripps-Howard columnist, as International President of the Guild.

THE WEEK WITH THE COLUMNISTS

Tammany & LaGuardia

Raymond Clapper—By being himself as much of a New Dealer as President Roosevelt is, Mayor LaGuardia of New York is causing no end of embarrassment to the Administration here. . . . LaGuardia stands in Farley's way. New York City elects a Mayor in the fall. Farley doesn't want to be Mayor himself. He has other plans. But he does want to recapture the city from the hands of New Dealer LaGuardia and restore it to the trusty hands of the Democratic Organization. . . . Farley hopes to strengthen the Democratic Party for the State election next year when, so it is expected, he will be wanting to run for Governor. The people may demand it and Jim wants to be in shape to make the sacrifice.

C.I.O. & the Mails

Dorothy Thompson—It is not inapropos to ask at this moment: Who is the Government of the United States, and who runs the Post Office Department? Because in Niles, Ohio, the United States post-office has a couple of censors. Their names are Mr. Galloway and Mr. Payne. They are representatives of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. . . . These gentlemen have told the Assistant Postmaster, Mr. Bert Flaherty, according to his own report, that they "won't allow" packages of non-perishable food, or of clothing, or of newspapers, to be accepted for delivery to men who are still working in the Republic plant. . . . The post-office is not the property of the C.I.O. or of any other trade-union. And it is fantastic and unique that a private organization can decide what shall or shall not be sent through the United States mail. . . . The action is revolutionary.

The New NRA

Paul Mallon—While President Roosevelt was composing his new labor standards, an eminent, unprejudiced economist* was suggesting to a private audience of distinguished officials how to do the same job the opposite way. What the workers of this country may need, he indicated, is not less work for all and more pay for the lowest class of workers, but more work and more pay for all. . . . The simple truth, he said, is that this country has not reached the stage of technological development at which it is possible for the American people to obtain the standard of living they desire on a forty-hour-week basis.

Taxes & Tax-Dodgers

Westbrook Pegler—Mr. Roosevelt's indignation over tax-evasions would be more impressive if he had always had to pay both the Federal and New York State taxes like other citizens of New York and if he had not always enjoyed from the beginning of the Federal tax to the present time the special privilege of an influential politician. . . . (It) would be more impressive, too, if he had not lately had social relations with Seymour Weiss, of New Orleans, who was Huey Long's collector and treasurer and was indicted for alleged violation of the income-tax law while Huey was alive but exonerated by the Department of Justice after Huey's death and the political reconciliation commonly known in Washington as the Second Louisiana Purchase.

Frank R. Kent—It (the President's message excoriating tax-dodgers) is the sort of thing very much to his taste. It makes the sort of news he loves to make and the kind upon which his Administration has thrived for four years. The disclosure of one millionaire who incorporates his yacht and pays himself a salary is calculated to make a lot of people forget his shocking attempt to degrade the judicial branch of the Government and cause a popular reaction in his favor as the fearless enemy of the opulent.

Walter Lippmann—Is it surprizing that throughout the country there exists already a deep suspicion that the objective is not law enforcement and revenue but political propaganda designed to create popular prejudice and strengthen the Administration's weakened political position? For is there not a very remarkable resemblance between the technique of Doctor Göbbels' sudden concern with immoral practises in the monasteries and this sudden move to pick out here and there conspicuous rich men and lynch them without benefit of law?

*Dr. Harold G. Moulton, President of the Brookings Institution.

FLAT RACING: Illinois Cop Covers 23-Mile Beat Every Eight Hours to Prove Fitness

Residents of Springfield, Illinois, last week forgot all about current labor troubles, the President's Court plan, the war in Spain and "Zeke" Bonura's slugging record.

The only question was: Can Charles William Davis take it?

Davis is a patrolman. Now fifty-four, he has been on the force twenty-eight years. He tops six feet, weighs a bulky 230, has black hair, brown eyes and a husky voice. Off two days a month, he seems to know what to do with leisure. He plays violin, piano, mandolin, banjo and harmonica. Friends say he is becoming interested in a piccolo.

Pictures Inc.

Patrolman Davis's "race-track" beat compelled the reporter to ride a bicycle

Of late his health has been impaired slightly. Mayor John W. Kapp, Jr., and Police Chief Carl Neuss couldn't help observing that he was absent from duty sixty-eight days between January 1 and May 31. "The old fellow is slipping," they thought, but allowed full compensation.

Balk—When Patrolman Davis returned to his three-block post on June 1, he was advised to retire at $70 a month. But Davis may have heard something about a bill pending in the General Assembly raising pensions to $87.50 after July 1.

"I'm fit for duty," he said.

"All right, we'll see about that," retorted his superiors.

So they took him off his regular beat, assigned him to one about twenty-three miles long, ordering him to ring all call-boxes, sixteen to twenty-one blocks apart, every thirty minutes, do the whole beat in eight hours. Davis paled, but doggedly accepted the test. Word of his queer assignment spread over Springfield.

"Politics!" cried many. "They're trying to get rid of him to make room for some political worker."

"Nonsense," said his superiors. "He says he's fit. Let's find out."

In a day or so Patrolman Davis's plight attracted the attention of newspapers in

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all parts of America. They called his assignment the "race-track" beat because Davis actually had to race to cover the beat in the allotted time.

Snacks—Obviously, he had no time out for lunch, but sympathetic citizens soon solved this problem. "Galleries" formed at call-boxes. "Hello, War Admiral," they cried as Davis raced up. They cheered lustily, giving him sandwiches which he munched without pause, chatting with those who ran along with him.

"I'll take it as long as my heart and legs hold out," he told them. "But how can a man travel twenty-one blocks in thirty minutes hour after hour, stop and make calls and have any time left for police work? If I saw a disturbance and halted to stop it, I'd be late on my call."

An *Illinois State Register* reporter, assigned to trail Davis, grew tired, rented a bicycle for twenty-five cents an hour and followed him. The reporter is about thirty.

Members of the congregation of Kumler Methodist Episcopal Church offered prayer that Davis would find strength to endure his ordeal. Other sympathizers waited with cars at the police station at the end of the day's run to drive him home. They asked what inspired him to keep going on the "race-track" beat.

"I've got a nice wife and a nice home," he replied.

After eight days the test was called off. Davis was declared fit for duty and restored to his old beat. Springfield citizens cheered, turned again to normal preoccupations. Charles William Davis, musician extraordinary, had proved he could take it.

Tabasco—"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," remarked Mayor Kapp to reporters at conclusion of the test. Amplifying this statement in a message to THE LITERARY DIGEST, the Mayor said:

"Patrolman Davis . . . reported back June 1, claiming physical fitness. Walking beat assigned as test. Relieved after demonstration of fitness and reassigned to old beat. During term of former Mayor Bullard, Davis, as sergeant, assigned officers to similar beats which he laid out, one of which was almost identical with one he walked. Have high respect and sympathy for policeman, but with curtailed force duty demands men be physically fit and capable of protecting citizens."

ALIAS ROW: Culver City Would Change Name to Hollywood, Which Just Doesn't Exist

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—"Romeo and Juliet," Act II, Sc. 2.

Perhaps Shakespeare was right, but in the Golden State of California last week there were many who felt otherwise. They split into factions and seemed willing to fight over a name.

They did not deny, of course, that "that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But they argued tensely that that which we call Hollywood would lose much of its fragrance if it were forced to share its name with Culver City.

Maybe the whole thing is a tempest in a crackpot, as one Hollywoodian put it, and maybe it is a publicity gag for Culver City, as others described it. In either case, it has become the talk of the nation, and feeling is running high.

It was Blaine Walker, President of the Culver City Chamber of Commerce, who started the hubbub. At the last meeting of the Chamber he urged members to circulate petitions among Culver City voters to change the name to Hollywood and adopt the slogan: "Culver City, where Hollywood Movies Are Made."

"Such impudence!" retorted Hollywood stars, headed by John Boles and Richard Dix, as they rushed to form a "Hollywood for Hollywoodians" club. "It would be a crime to sit idly by and permit Culver City, with only three studios (M.G.M., Selznick-International, Hal Roach) to usurp the name of Hollywood!"

John Anson Ford, member of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, dispatched frantic telegrams to Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo and Postmaster Gen. James A. Farley to block Culver City's effort.

Defenders of Hollywood's lustrous name were amazed to find, when they delved into legal aspects of Culver City's plan, that there is no such incorporated community as Hollywood, California. They were chagrined to learn that they were living and working in a place that virtually does not exist.

Water—Hollywood is merely a suburb and a part of Los Angeles. At one time it had municipal status and it might have kept its charter to this day if it had not been for the pressing problem of water-supply. Jesters may think there is little demand for water in Hollywood, but they are wrong. Indeed, water was needed so badly in 1910 that Hollywood traded its political independence for an adequate supply from Los Angeles. To-day, it is an integral part of that city and has no municipal government of its own.

Nobody, not even the oldest resident, it is said, can state accurately the boundary lines of the mythical place called Hollywood. "We start up there at the foot of the hills," said Carl Bush, Executive Secretary of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, to Harold Heffernan of the North American Newspaper Alliance last week. He waved his hand toward the misty mountains to the north.

Acme

Hollywoodians in seriocomic picket-line before Culver City's Chamber of Commerce

"Hollywood is a tradition, as well as a place," said Cecil B. DeMille, famous producer. "It is a state of mind, not a geographical division," smirked an Associated Press reporter. "There are no signs saying YOU ARE ENTERING HOLLYWOOD. No one would know where to erect them. It has a Chamber of Commerce, but no Mayor. It has a police station, but no chief. It has no railroad station because it has no railroad."

Rancho—The place known as Hollywood received its name long before the arrival of film-folk from the East. It was given by Mrs. Dacida Wilcox, wife of Horace Henderson Wilcox, in 1883, when she and her husband, a Topeka, Kansas, real-estate man, bought the acreage where Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue now intersect. They used the site as a ranch.

Originally, it boasted no name. Then, Mrs. Wilcox met an English gentlewoman, who spoke proudly of her country estate in England, which she had called Hollywood. The Wilcoxes liked the name, decided to call their new property Hollywood Ranch. To justify the name, they imported two holly-bushes from England, planted them near their home.

By 1901, Hollywood had spread into a community of 700 souls. In 1903, by a close vote, it was decided to incorporate as a sixth-class city. There was no jail. The Marshal, G. T. Gower, locked up an occasional drunk in his own home, got $10 a month for the service. One of the first ordinances of the city prohibited driving more than 2,000 sheep througl the streets at one time.

Six years later, in a town of 4,000, Board of Trade literature boasted that the high-school baseball team was composed of such refined boys that profanity never was heard. That, briefly, is the tradition of ancient Hollywood, now the glamourous film-capital of the world. That's how it was born and got its name. And that's the name it means to keep inviolate.

Dictum—"Culver City's proposal to appropriate name of Hollywood is admittedly a publicity gag promoted by its Chamber of Commerce," Carl Bush assured THE LITERARY DIGEST.

"We believe if any community in southern California makes actual attempt to incorporate under our name or one using the name Hollywood, State courts would enjoin such a move and United States postal officials would refuse use of name for post-office, as Hollywood post-office is internationally known and doing business of more than $500,000 yearly."

Supporting Culver City's claim to the name Hollywood, Blaine Walker told reporters that Hollywood "has had easy coasting for twenty years on the films produced in Culver City. Our Board of Directors was unanimous in voting to change the name. That mythical spot called Hollywood is now on the spot.

"More than 30 per cent. of all motion-pictures produced are produced in Culver City. No other single production-center approaches this figure. None is produced in Hollywood itself, altho a minor amount of production comes out of what now might be known as the Greater Hollywood area.* The Directors of the Chamber of

*Paramount Radio, Columbia and United Artists studios generally credited to Hollywood.

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Commerce and the leaders of all the other civic and business organizations in this city are determined to obtain a rightful recognition for Culver City as the greatest single world center of motion-picture production."

38c: Stephen Foster Died in Charity Ward; $500,000 Shrine Immortalizes His Songs

On January 13, 1864, a registrar's clerk in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, casually opened the institution's record-book and scratched:

Ward 11, Stephen Foster, died January 13.
Coat, pants, vest, shoes, overcoat.

The fact probably made slight impression upon the hardened clerk, but his curt entry included virtually all the worldly goods of Stephen Collins Foster, composer of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home" and other immortal Dixie melodies.

His only other possession was a pitiful little purse containing thirty-eight cents and a few scribbled words on a scrap of paper. It was found in the miserable Bowery lodging-house from which Foster had been taken three days earlier to die in a Bellevue ward.

Last week, the new Gothic memorial to the same Stephen Foster, erected on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh at a cost of $500,000, was dedicated with ceremony and thrown open to a new generation of lovers of his plantation ballads.

Treasures—The shrine, standing on a fourteen-acre lawn, within sight of the hapless composer's birthplace,* shelters his manuscripts, letters, portraits, old flute, the old-fashioned melodeon he used in evening serenades and countless other relics.

In a separate receptacle rests that melancholy, time-worn purse with its thirty-eight cents, three pennies in coins, thirty-five cents in "shin-plasters"—paper money used during the War Between the States. There also are preserved his last scribbled words: "Dear friends and gentle hearts."

Nobody knows for sure why the words were written. It is thought by some that they might have been the opening words of a new song that was whirling through Foster's troubled mind in the dingy Bowery bedroom before he fell and suffered injuries resulting in his death. But it is pure conjecture.

Foster, like Edgar Allan Poe, the genius he most admired, lived an unhappy life, eventually became addicted to strong liquor and died an untimely death. Born in Pittsburgh on July 4, 1826, he had written nearly 200 songs, many of them beloved by a whole nation, before his death at thirty-eight.

Background—Foster's father was a merchant, once Mayor of Allegheny City and a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature. His mother was a distant relative of President Buchanan. Neither circumstance influenced the youth toward a political career.

He was thirteen when he wrote his first song, "Sadly to My Heart Appealing." It was not published then, remaining a manuscript for many years. At sixteen he wrote "Open Thy Lattice, Love," composed and dedicated to Miss Susan E. Pentland, "a pretty little thirteen-year-old miss, who lived in the next house."

Some writers have sought to attach romantic interest to this incident, but are not wholly convincing. At any rate, when little Susan grew up she married somebody else. If this caused young Foster disappointment it surely was not mitigated by the fact that the publisher failed to print the composer's name correctly on the song dedicated to her. The copy preserved in the Foster memorial collection reads: "By L. C. Foster."

The songs considered Foster's masterpieces, "My Old Kentucky Home" and "The Old Folks at Home," were written without intimate knowledge of either Kentucky or the "Swanee" River territory. In fact, Foster rarely was in the South: his youth was spent in Pennsylvania, his young manhood in Ohio.

No Southerner—Tho many of his compositions became Dixie folk-songs, he is known definitely to have visited the South on only two occasions. Once, in 1852, he made a steamboat trip to New Orleans. Again, at an unspecified time, he visited cousins in Kentucky. His hosts lived in a dignified Colonial mansion. In all probability, this was the only "Kentucky home" that he ever knew.

The University of Pittsburgh's memorial to Foster, designed by Charles Z. Klauder, includes an auditorium, seating 750, which will be the center of student musical activities. The Tuesday Musical Club, which raised $500,000 for the memorial, will make its permanent home in the building.

Below the auditorium is a dining-room for the use of musical clubs. Adjoining the main building, connected by a cloistered passage, is the shrine in which the relics of Foster's melancholy life are sheltered. They were gathered at great pains and expense by Josiah K. Lilly of Indianapolis.

*Building bought in 1934 by Henry Ford, dismantled and rebuilt in Ford's Greenfield Village, Michigan.

Stephen Foster, composer of America's best-loved songs . . . in his honor a $500,000 memorial

Topics in Brief

SINCE IT IS customary to name big things after big men, why not christen it the Roosevelt National Debt?—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

"BILL TO CLOSE TAX LOOPHOLES SEEN AT CAPITAL."—Head-line. In other words, to tighten the noose.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

A GERMAN GLIDER stayed up in the air forty hours, thus almost equaling the senatorial oratorical record.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

WHEN MCNUTT gets through in Manila, they may have to send Frank Murphy back to carry the Philippines.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

PENNSYLVANIA will build an "escape-proof" prison at Mount Gretna. What most States need is an escape-proof parole board.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, sailing for Europe, said: "Spirits are not my line." We judge that he'll be on deck a lot more than some of the other fellows.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

A STRIKING TROPHY for display in the Wisconsin State-house is a bill killed by the legislators. It would have raised their salaries from $100 to $200 a month.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AMERICANS are becoming too civilized, says a world traveler. Maybe he has never seen the fans chase an umpire out of town.—*Carey Williams in Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS condemns the custom of bombing cities which has become so common in Spain. That is a good, vigorous position to take and probably the bombing will stop immediately.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

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Foreign Comment

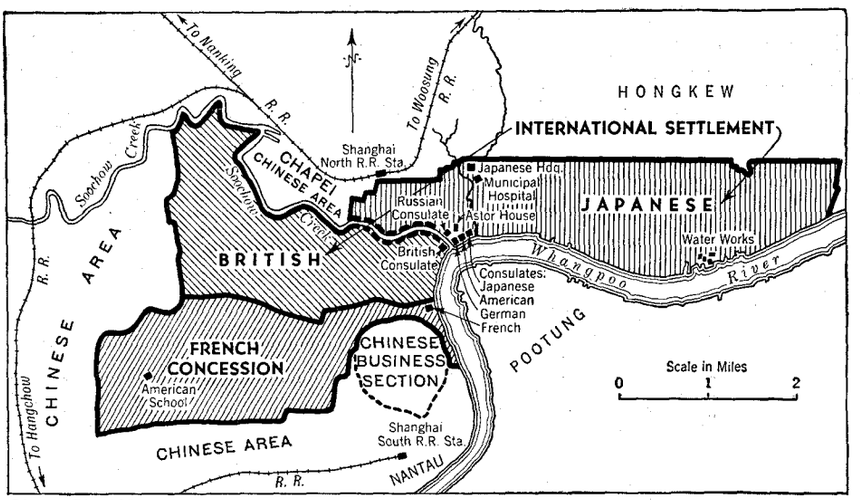
SHANGHAI: THE DICE ARE LOADED

In "Paradise of Adventurers," Crooked Games Go Scot-Free

During breathing-spaces between enacting approximately 25,000 laws for one of the globe's largest subdivisions, the American Congress, since it met in 1789, has voted other legislation for one of its smallest subdivisions, the District of Columbia.

In that respect, the last intention in Congressional minds was legislating for any one but the 594,000 Americans within sight of the top of the Capitol's dome.

Astounded would they be to know that 7,442 miles away, in China, five Filipinos who haven't been nearer Washington than Manila are in jail under the code of the District for shooting dice in a house in Range Road, Shanghai.



Literary Digest Map

Shanghai is divided into three parts, all of which are inhabited by racketeers as well as respected traders

The key to this minor mystery is extraterritoriality. The Filipinos are American citizens. American citizens in Shanghai have the right to be tried in an American consular court, under American law. But since there is no Federal law regarding dice-shooting; and since forty-eight sets of State laws and innumerable municipal ordinances of American cities scarcely are applicable, the code of the District of Columbia, seat of the American Government, holds.

Reason—Powerful nations whose "interests" took their nationals to "backward" lands practised extraterritoriality by insisting on the exemption of their nationals from local law long before extraterritoriality was incorporated into treaties.

To an American, Caleb Cushing, once Commissioner to China, goes the credit for first reducing the system to official black and white. After an American shot a Chinese in 1844, he wrote:

"By the law of nations as practised in Europe and America, every foreigner who may happen to reside or sojourn in any country of Christendom is subject to the . . . law of that country; and is amenable to the jurisdiction of its magistrates.

"In the intercourse between Christian States, on the one hand, and Mohammedan, on the other, a different principle is assumed, namely the exemption of the Christian foreigner from the jurisdiction of the local authorities . . . his subjection to the jurisdiction . . . of his own Government.

"In my opinion the rule which obtained . . . in Mohammedan countries . . . is to be applied to China. . . . Accordingly, I shall refuse . . . the surrender of the party who killed Hsu A-man."

Acceptance—Thirty-two years later, the Chinese Government acknowledged the principle, which has ramified until Shanghai has what probably is the leakiest, most complex, most conflicting legal chaos in the world.

Without extraterritoriality, Occidental business could not survive in China; with it has grown up, side by side with legitimate business, a fantastic system of racketeering buttressed upon what was meant to be mere protection from undue hostility to the unwelcome, but theoretically well-meaning, foreigner.

Shanghai, in 1937, is a city of three disparate parts.

1. Greater Shanghai—governed, outside the foreign concessions, by a Chinese mayor appointed by the Central Government at Nanking.
2. The French Concession—governed directly by the French Consul-General.
3. The International Settlement (British, Japanese, American)—governed by a council elected by its taxpayers. Here, tho the Chinese population passes a million and the foreigners number only 27,000, foreigners have nine seats, the Chinese five. International police, including turbaned Sikhs from India, are on duty.

Sights—Tourists at the Shanghai Club guzzle at the longest bar in the world. They admire the Bund with its handsome Occidental hotels, clubs, banks, consulates, business and public buildings. At night, the glittering lights of Nanking Road remind them of an Occidental Broadway. Of the incredible maze of narrow alleys in which are packed most of the city's 1,700,000 Chinese they catch only glimpses. And of the legal tangle they know nothing.

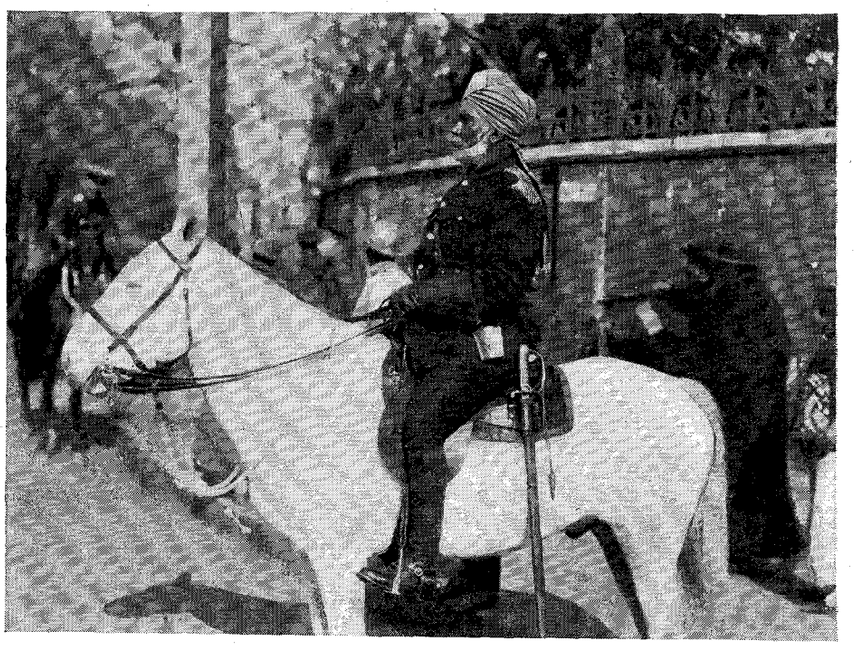
In "Shanghai, Paradise of Adventurers" a writer described as a consul-general still on active service describes this unique municipality as:

"A city where the law is lax and full of loopholes, a city where the enforcement of the law is further handicapped by conflicting, incompatible interests . . . the never-ending problem of multiple races, the sacred safeguarding of national prestige, the animosity and jealousy among the various concessionaires. Anything like real law enforcement is undreamed of."

In the rare cases in which a foreigner sues a Chinese in a native court, the Chinese judge "never misses an opportunity to turn the tables against a foreigner."

But the foreigner in difficulties can demand trial in the courts of his own nation; but "his own nation," and with it his court, can be anything he wants it to be.

Dodge—For the unscrupulous can buy among some consulates, through intermediaries of whom the consuls know nothing, one or several of many nationalities



Pix

India's sturdy Sikhs stand guard over Shanghai's International Settlement

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to which he was not born and in which he never has been naturalized; and in the court of a nation whose consular officials he already has paid he can obtain justice very heavily tempered with mercy.

The Filipinos caught rolling the bones in Range Road, had they been more far-seeing, could have been Lithuanians, Chileans, Italians, at some seasons Brazilians, at prices ranging from $10 a head not too far upward. As such, they never would have fallen afoul of the District of Columbia's regulations against gambling on the Potomac.

"The flag of extraterritoriality," says G. E. Miller, pseudonym for the author-diplomat, "is the largest banner ever devised. It reaches to heaven . . . and smells that high, too."

In the medley of cosmopolitan law, with a population of 3,000 Americans, 8,500 British, 19,000 Japanese, 7,500 Russians (all White), 1,400 French, 1,400 Germans and uncounted Turks, Persians, Koreans, Malays, Hindus, Tonkinese, Javanese, Netherlanders, Lithuanians and what-not, each with its own freak consular law, almost anything is possible.

Switch—"We arrange," said one citizenship salesman, "with members of the crews of North American ships and also those going to European ports, to buy the passports of people returning home. These people have no more use for their passports and can always, under some pretext, get others. . . .

"The passports are doctored up with new photos, new stamps and seals, in such a clever way that no one can possibly detect the substitution.

"Spanish passports? . . . We have them printed here . . . pay $10 for 200," the Spanish consulate, because of the civil war, being closed.

His nationality optional, a crook can begin business, any business, in Shanghai without opposition from any one. . . . One man can be a whole banking corporation. Even his own consulate, his real one, can not investigate him. He can incorporate himself at any capitalization, frame any sort of a charter. He can gamble with and lose all the cash of his depositors and if he has been at all clever in steering his case into the right court, come off scot-free.

Example—Among numerous fraudulent enterprises, Miller tells of one that originally was a mission station.

It went to seed and into its handsome monastery, in the frocks of bona-fide brothers, muscled a choice collection of racketeers. As mission brothers they escaped taxation. The monthly publication of their predecessors they continued to issue and mail to Latin-language countries throughout the world with strident appeals for financial succor.

From the devout on two continents trickles a substantial stream of contributions, meant for the speedy Christianization of China. Instead of "saving heathen souls," the "brothers" exploit a slot-machine business, have run a disorderly house, own property which they lease to professional gamblers; and, in the chapel of the monastery, manufacture cheap perfumes which they export under counterfeit French labels and sell at Paris prices.

Not at all a side-line is a loan-shark business collecting interest of from 30 to 90 per cent.

Tho for years the "brothers" were known as a wolfish gang of swindlers, the best a victim could do was sue their leader for defamation of character. Ostensibly a Spaniard, the "Rev. Father" produced, when sued, documents proving Italian citizenship.

With relations between Spain and Italy what they are, the plaintiff, an authentic Spaniard, could obtain no satisfaction in the Italian consular court.

"SOSO" STRIKES: Stalin, Mourning Mother, Has Eight "Traitor" Generals Shot

Last October 13, top-rank Communist officials stood against a Moscow wall, looked straight into puffs of flame and smoke, slumped in a row of bullet-riven rags.

In January, sixteen more high officials,

Ekaterina Georguvna Djugashvili's death brought mourning to her "Soso's" Russia

accused of conspiracy against their Government, confessed, faced the flame and died.

Last week, Moscow knew softer interlude of mourning the death of seventy-seven-year-old Ekaterina Georguvna Djugashvili, mother of "Soso," her pet name for the boy who grew to manhood as Josef V. Stalin, Man of Steel.

"The whole world feels happier because of my son," Mother Djugashvili had said in her only interview.

Before the week was over, "Soso," still striving to bring joy to his world, struck again.

Eight of Soviet Russia's greatest, this time not civilians, but generals, one until recently a marshal, were, within three days, arrested, tried in secret and ordered shot.

As usual in such cases, death struck swiftly for the condemned men. Just one day after sentencing, the Government issued a terse communiqué announcing that they had died before a firing-squad.

Gossip—As is usual after such summary executions, the Soviet Capital buzzed with rumors alarming in scope. There were week-end stories that other high officials had been put to death secretly, but confirmation was lacking.

As for the eight who died, their crimes were offenses so popular in Russia's upper hierarchy as to be a Soviet fad-of-the-year: "Espionage, sabotage, treason."

"Antigovernmental links with leading military circles of one of the foreign military States carrying on an unfriendly policy toward the Soviet Union," said the brief communiqué from the Kremlin which announced the start of the trial.

No public trial with microphones to broadcast it to the ends of the world was this arraignment of Army men. So secret was its procedure that not even the building in which it took place was named.

Russians could but surmise. "Foreign States carrying on an unfriendly policy" were not rare. But Russians noted that none of the eight generals named commanded a garrison or held a post within the radius of Japan's possible interests in the Far East.

On the contrary, seven of the eight had held high rank in western Russia, two along the border, where Nazi Germany is the nearest openly hostile Power.

One, in jail since last August, had been Military Attaché in London. Another was head of Russia's "West Point."

Two, one of them the former marshal, had been on the General Staff. All would have been assigned to Russia's "west front" in any war with Germany.

Fraternity—Back to the years leading up to 1934 memories flashed: Close collaboration between the Russian and German General Staffs, then. During the last years of the German Republic and for more than a full year after the rise to power of the fiercely anticommunist Adolf Hitler, western Russia—Staff headquarters, training-grounds, officers' schools and aviation fields—had swarmed with German officers on special duty, "training" the young Red legions.

Never mentioned publicly was their presence there, but that large numbers of officers in German field-gray were chummy, over a period of years, with large numbers of long-cloaked high officers of the Red Army was perfectly visible.

Regretted—and naturally—by the more professionally minded of the Red Army generals was the withdrawal of their excellent military mentors when "politicians" spoiled the fun. Not unnatural would be a bit of quiet planning to restore the status quo ante, perhaps a relation even more intimate.

Confessions—So ran surmises as Russians ran down the list of those placed on trial, their confessions made, *à la Russe*, before the trials began.

The list included:

Former Marshal Mikhail T. Tukhachevsky, former Vice-Commissar for Defense, former Czarist officer, once counted on as field-commander in the next war; slated, until his disgrace last month, to be the Russian Army's representative at London's Coronation, exiled suddenly to an obscure command down the Volga.

Gen. Jonas Emmanuilovich Yakir, until he was arrested two days before the trial, Commander of the District of Leningrad.

Gen. Jeremy P. Uborevich, until his arrest June 9, Commander of the District of White Russia, on the western border.

Gen. Kasimirovitch Vitovta Putna,

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under arrest since last August, until then Military Attaché in London.

Gen. A. I. Kork, former Commander of Russia's "West Point" at Frunze.

Gen. Robert Petroivich Eideman, head of Osoaviakim, trainer of reserves in defense against gas and air-planes.

Gen. B. M. Feldman, Chief of Personnel, General Staff.

Gen. V. M. Primakoff.

GORY YEAR: World War Menace Lifting as Spanish War Enters Twelfth Month

Last week, the Spanish civil war entered its twelfth month. In a gory year neither Rebels nor Loyalists have won a decisive victory. All they have accomplished, in addition to filling the graveyards, is to push Europe near the brink of chaos time after time, to divide that Continent into fascist and democratic camps, to arouse terror of another world conflict.

Germany and Italy, which have been with the Insurgents from the start with men, money and munitions, backed down a bit last week in the face of pressure by Britain and France. They agreed to establish safety-zones for the war-ships of the four Powers patrolling Spanish waters under a non-intervention agreement.

Pact—With Hitler and Mussolini again in line, the International Non-Intervention Committee forwarded the text of the new agreement to the rival Spanish Capitals, Valencia (Government) and Burgos (Rebel), for their approval.

To win Germany and Italy, the Committee was forced to allow neutral patrol-ships the right of self-defense. Reprisals, such as the recent shelling of Almeria by a German naval squadron, were barred except after consultation among all Powers concerned.

Meanwhile, warfare raged on land, with gun-runners busy purveying machinery of death to both sides.

On the Bilbao front, the Insurgent command reported having finally blasted a breach in the Basque city's "iron-ring" defenses. Proud Basques, rushing the removal of more thousands of their women and children to foreign parts (see Page 4), bravely withstood the all-day aerial bombardment and artillery shelling which wrecked their defending battlements.

Blasts—Insurgent Gen. Fidel Davila's German-made Heinkel and Junkers planes raked villages and hamlets outside the Basque Capital, then visited the city itself with merciless bombing, hoping to terrify the inhabitants and cause a general stampede.

He centered his fierce attack on Mount Gastelu and proudly reported its capture. It left him only the intervening hills to conquer, he said, a mere three miles to the hard-pressed city.

Seemingly disagreeing with most Spanish clergy and the Vatican itself, a delegation of Basque priests last week allowed the Basque Government to publish a protest they had made, in secrecy, to Pope Pius XI against the Insurgent bombing of their civilian population and sanctuaries.

Asserting that the Basque Government had respected their rights, personal life and worship, the protesting clergymen referred to the reckless bombing and wreckage of their Church of Santa Maria in Durango and the heartless shelling of Guernica.

Report—"The planes (of the Insurgent fliers) machine-gunned the inhabitants pitilessly," the priests said, according to G. L. Steer, Bilbao correspondent for the New York *Times*, "when they ran in terror, fleeing the explosions and fires that surrounded them, causing hundreds of deaths."

In the Guadalajara sector, northeast of Madrid, the Loyalists fared better. Staging a surprize attack, they captured a strategically important point with more than 150 prisoners and war materials. Cheered, Madrilenians also welcomed the news that Gen. José Miaja, Commander-in-Chief of their front, had been reinstated as Civil Governor of Madrid.

As cheering to the Valencia Government was the Loyalist advance on the Cordoba sector, where its troops threatened the important mercury-yielding zones of Peñarroya and Fuenteovejuna, where Italian "volunteers" are said to be heavily concentrated to defend *Il Duce's* vital interest in the mercury supply.

U-Boats?—Valencia's Defense Ministry, hoping to safeguard its coastal towns, announced semiofficially that it had formed a special antisubmarine flotilla, part of which is already plying off the Catalan littoral.

"These boats," according to the announcement, "are equipped with everything necessary for far-reaching, effective antisubmarine action. So it is certain the Mediterranean will shortly be free of all lurking enemies. The Republican Cabinet knows that the Rebels do not possess a single submarine; consequently the constant attacks . . . are attributable to submarines of foreign nationality, particularly German and Italian submarines.

Pictures, Inc.

Castles in Spain

GOTHA'S SNUB: Royalty's Almanac May Relegate Duchess Wallis to Back Pages

The new edition of the "Almanach de Gotha," which for 164 years has been the unquestioned arbiter for royalty and nobility, will include the Duke of Windsor in the first part of the book, under the British Royal Family. But that coveted section, which included such has-beens as the Princes of the House of Lippe-Weissenfeld, will make no reference to his marriage to Wallis Warfield. Her Grace, it was reported last week, will slip into the book's third and last section.

In their honeymoon Castle Wasserleonburg, Austria, H.R.H. pecked out a cordial telegram to Adolf Hitler, thanking the Dictator for his good wishes.

Ban—A cryptic announcement by the Duke's equerry, Dudley Forwood, cast some doubt on the British ban. "The Duke wants to serve the Empire in any way the Empire wants him," Forwood said, and added that the ex-King might return to England, "but I can not say when."

During his first week of married life, the Duke hoed the garden till his hands blistered, mowed the lawn, spanked the dogs (Snooky and Cookey) for chasing chickens, and otherwise led the simple life. The Duchess, it was said, frowned on his plans for a wolf-hunt which involved dangerous mountain climbing, and failed to enthuse over his desire to renew his old hobby, flying.

The royal newly-weds were as amazed as was all England, when they heard a Sunday radiobroadcast that the Rev. Robert Anderson Jardine, the "poor man's vicar" who had married them at Monts, France, had resigned his vicarship.

The Rev. Mr. Jardine insisted that his action had "nothing to do with the Windsor wedding."

"Nobody knew of my decision," he said, "not even my wife. But I already have resigned."

Gossip — Meanwhile, in London, Ernest Simpson's slander suit against Mrs. Joan Sutherland petered out. The society woman last fall repeated a current story that the King's friend's ex-husband had

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been "well paid" for not defending her divorce suit. Mrs. Sutherland had no idea that her neighbor at a private luncheon, Mrs. Peter Kerr-Smiley, was Simpson's sister. Mrs. Sutherland was ordered to pay only costs—$2,750.

TOUGH FIGHT: Hitler Threatens Catholic Church, Which Bismarck Failed to Vanquish

Nearly seventy years ago, Prince Bismarck launched a war on the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. After seventeen years of bitter struggle, the Iron Chancellor admitted he had lost.

Adolf Hitler is waging a similar battle against the Church which, the New York *Times* says, "no national government in history has succeeded in permanently vanquishing."

The latest outbursts date from last month, when Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago charged that the Nazi anti-Catholic campaign was aimed at 2,000,000 children whose right to parochial education is guaranteed by the Concordat with Rome. The Cardinal, in addition, characterized former house-painter Hitler as "an Austrian paper-hanger and a poor one at that."

Stew—The Reich fumed. Diplomats protested futilely at the State Department and the Vatican. Paul-Joseph Göbbels, whom the prelate characterized as the "crooked Minister of Propaganda," hit back by threatening to seize high members of the German Catholic clergy as hostages—a procedure already employed against German Jews in revenge for attacks by their coreligionists abroad.

Stirring an audience of nearly 20,000 to cries of "Shame! Throw them out! Lynch them!" Doctor Göbbels dwelt on the "terrible moral decay . . . of wide circles of the Catholic clergy." Nazis, he said, had killed sixty Party members for similar crimes in the political purge of June 30, 1934.

After his speech, public opinion was so aroused that in the Berlin diocese priests got orders to appear on the streets in clerical garb only when absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, the trials of priests and lay brothers went on, with the propaganda motive underlying them so openly that the Ministry in Berlin offered free trips to any foreign correspondents willing to attend. Many declined.

Hearing—At Coblenz, in the Rhineland, the two jurors—who, with three judges, tried the cases—both sported Nazi buttons, tho they were supposed to have been drawn by lot. Jurists raced through the trials with such dispatch that they seldom deliberated fifteen minutes.

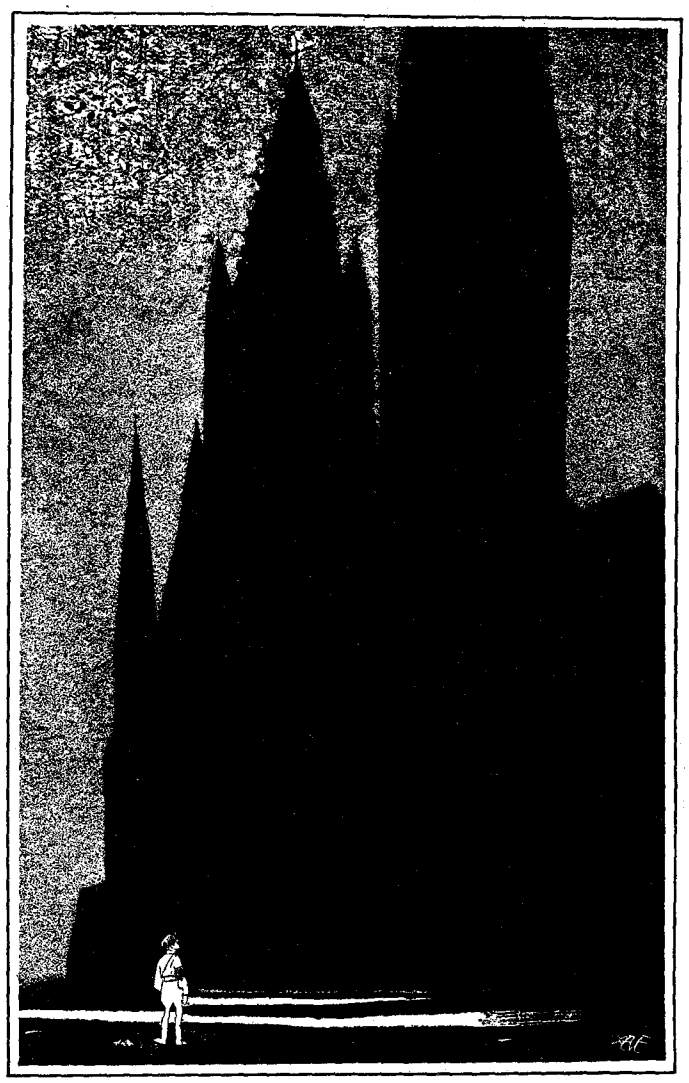
"You are being released as not guilty," a judge snapped at one acquitted lay brother, "but don't do it again!"

In most cases, however, the State wangled confessions from the suspects, mostly lay brothers who performed menial tasks, and none of the recent sentences was based solely on the testimony of feeble-minded patients, as in certain cases in the past.

Responding to Göbbels's charge of general moral degeneration, Church authorities pointed out that the lay orders in the Reich included 100,000 men and women and "how many of them have been dragged into the present trials could not be determined exactly."

The survey added: "As regards the priests, however, information from all German dioceses indicates that of 21,461, forty-nine are involved in the present wave of trials against priests and members of orders. Of these, twenty-one have been found guilty and the cases of twenty-eight are still pending. Of priests belonging to orders, nine are involved, among whom only one has been found guilty and the cases of the eight others are pending.

"Hence, of a total of 25,635 priests, only fifty-eight are involved. That is less than one-fourth of one per cent., or one priest in every 500."



"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

—Doewe in The Hague Post

Fracas—Trouble broke out in Munich, heart of Catholic Bavaria, in connection with a Catholic Youth membership drive launched on St. Boniface Sunday, which commemorates the death of the Saxon monk who converted the Germans to Christianity. Members of the Hitler Youth gathered in front of the churches, hurling insults as mass progressed.

After the services, priests led the boys through hostile Nazi groups and before one church fist-fights and rioting broke out. Police, who had disregarded the earlier demonstrations, arrested ten priests as disturbing the peace.

At Rome, the Pope refused to recall his Nuncio from Germany, tho the German Minister to the Vatican had departed for an unscheduled vacation. Consoling German pilgrims during the week, the aging Pontiff said:

"The situation in Catholic Germany is not only grave, but lamentable. It is so grave, so threatening and so painful that it causes one to weep."

On Sunday, Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich threw another bombshell when he demanded formally that the Nazi Government release eleven priests who were arrested about a fortnight ago.

The demand was couched in a letter to Hans Kerrl, Reich Minister of Churches, and was announced from every Catholic pulpit in Munich.

The crusading Cardinal specifically mentioned Father Rupert Mayr, a priest who lost both legs in the War. He also demanded guaranties from the Reich that arrests of priests would be stopped and that no further curbs on preaching would be instituted.

Supplicant—For the Evangelical Church, the situation seemed as grim. But the Protestant Opposition took heart when Joachim von Ribbentrop, Ambassador to Britain, who left the Church soon after Hitler came to power, begged to be readmitted.

Advisers had suggested that the move might win him favor with London's devout Anglicans. Bishops referred his request to his ex-Pastor, none other than the Rev. Martin Niemöller. That fighting parson was said to have answered:

"Excellency: Your application to return to Christ has been duly received. Before dealing with its contents, I beg you to inform me whether the step is prompted by religious conviction or is due to political considerations."

Warning—At the same time, the National Confessional Synod warned all Protestant pastors against the Nazi régime's systematic efforts to de-Christianize the youth of the German nation.

DUCE'S DON'TS: Every Day Italy's Editors Get Their Orders From the Boss

It isn't that Italians aren't patriotic—they just can't resist a good joke.

Current favorite in Mussoliniland:

King Victor Emmanuel III (to *Il Duce*)—"You have given every one a new telephone number. What is mine?"

Mussolini—"*Sei uno zero.*"

This juicy double entendre may be

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translated either as "six-one-zero" or as "You are zero."

Last month sniggering antifascist editors pounced upon the jest when *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris organ of Italian antifascist emigrés, irreverently published some of the secret DON'TS issued daily to the Italian press by Minister of Press and Propaganda Dino Alfieri.

For Carlo Roselli, Editor of *Giustizia e Libertà*, it was the last snigger. On Friday, he and a man identified as his brother were found dead in an automobile near Bagnoles de l'Orne, a fashionable watering-place on the French Riviera.

A number of other Italians in the party and a "mysterious blonde" disappeared before the police began investigating the shooting.

"Political murder," observed the French Sûreté Nationale, promising early arrests.

Sample of the sort of "secrets" Rome apparently did not wish disclosed: "Go carefully about the conflict between the Vatican and Germany and stay neutral. In any case, incline to the side of Germany, but without ever reproducing news about the trials of priests accused of immorality with which the German press is full."

Avvenire d'Italia, a Bologna daily, like Roselli, missed its cue, was a lone protestant against Nazi persecution. Not even the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano*, otherwise the only independent newspaper on Italian soil, published anything but factual stories under Berlin date-lines.

Antifascists maintained that *Avvenire's* piping voice was meant to test the echo, a rôle generally assigned to Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's unofficial spokesman in *Giornale d'Italia*. For *Avvenire* ostensibly violated Alfieri's warning when it accused the Nazi Government of wilfully exaggerating the importance of Cardinal Mundelein's speech.

"To all who know the ideological inclinations of National Socialism," it commented, "the Mundelein episode is seen merely as an excuse and no importance more than it warranted has been attributed to it. The speech must be considered within the framework of American institutions and customs. On the other hand, the speech's substance represents a denunciation of an actual state of affairs and was not invented abroad with the sole purpose of damaging Germany."

Change—In pre-Fascist days, the Italian press was among the freest in Europe and the Milan *Corriere della Sera* was considered one of Europe's leading independent liberal dailies. To-day, there are five antifascist Italian organs in Europe: one in Zurich, Switzerland, and four in Paris.

When, last month, Italy's bitterness against Britain reached dangerous proportions, *Il Duce* had the Press Ministry order all press-correspondents out of the country, banned entry of English newspapers and instructed the press to print no news with English head-lines. The Coronation, for instance, was relegated to the back page, a mere mention that "King George VI was crowned yesterday."

Four years ago, Mussolini established a full-fledged, powerful Ministry of the Press and Propaganda under his son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, now his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Count Ciano's rôle slowly grew in importance as he became his father-in-law's only link with the press and the public. Now Alfieri protects the public mind with equal zeal.

Examples—Perfect samples of Alfieri's lynx-eyed vigilance, the latest list also reveals Mussolini's genius for censorship:

January 7—Do not concern yourself with the German attitude on naval movements in the Mediterranean. Give plenty of space, with full comments on the Italian reply on non-intervention. . . .

January 16—Give no news of the bombardments of inhabited centers by the Spanish "Nationalists"; and, above all, deny that it is done by Italian or German aviators.

January 25—Complete silence on the fact that the Hungarian Chief of Military Staff has been in Milan. Ignore completely the fascist movement in Switzerland.

February 2—Without giving a formal denial, refer in speaking of the Pope's illness to the fact that the news of the forthcoming arrival of an English doctor is false.

February 9—Do not describe the military situation of the Spanish "Reds" as disastrous. Be less optimistic.

February 17—Do not give any news of the coming of Doctor Schuschnigg to Italy, his forthcoming marriage with a society lady and his dissolution of the Austrian Fascist Party.

February 20—Begin and continue a strong campaign against Czechoslovakia. Absolute silence on the date fixed for ending the dispatch of volunteers to Spain.

February 25—Insist on the eventuality of Eden's leaving the Foreign Office. Have sent from London news of Eden's dismissal.

March 5—Suppress entirely news of the arrival at Naples of wounded volunteers coming from Spain and transported by our hospital ships.

March 17—Be sure not to give the impression that there is a suspension of military activity in Spain.

April 3—Strike hard against the anti-Italian campaign conducted by the British papers.

April 7—Develop largely the episode of Jacoda in the framework of Soviet Russia; however, do not fail to bring into relief the superpower and the immorality of the adventurer Stalin.

April 14—Do not publish news about the work of the committee on the Littorio Palace. Reproduce and enlarge the news-dispatch by Stefani from London about the invoking of a big fire that would destroy the filthy popular section of London, unworthy of a civilized epoch. Add that had Edward VIII remained on the Throne, he would have remedied the situation. Absolutely do not take from foreign press any news regarding the new tasks of General Franco and the changes in the High Command of Spanish generals. Don't publish any more stories about the intimate life of the Prince of Piedmont's family.

April 28—Do not publish the news of the alleged visit of Van Zeeland in Rome in May. Don't reproduce the false news dealing with the alleged betrothal of a girl of the Italian aristocracy and King Zog of Albania. You may put into relief the absolute mediocrity of Delbos, the straw-man of Herriot.

May 6—Express deep sympathy to Germany for the loss of the *Hindenburg*. There must not be published any article or reference to the English Coronation. Confine yourself to the Stefani service.

Calmer—From the time that Italian correspondents were recalled from London and British papers banned from Italy, however, local newspapers have calmed down to some extent. From time to time there is an occasional flurry. In the last fortnight all mailed copies of British papers have been permitted to enter, tho special issues occasionally are stopped by the censor.

At least 90 per cent. of stories carrying a London date-line have disappeared from the Italian press, altho many of them make their appearance under a different date-line.

"WHO LET THAT OUT?"

—Le Populaire (Paris)

POCKET CAESAR: General Martinez Spoon-Feeds El Salvador as "Fatherland's Benefactor"

In El Salvador—tiniest, most densely peopled of Central American Republics—gaiety is prized above all earthly things.

Perhaps that is because the vest-pocket Republic bristles with two perils. First, there is that omnipresent horde of barefoot soldiers, clad in blue dungarees with white braid and always ready to do the military caste's bidding.

Then there is that equally omnipresent ring of smoke-belching volcanoes whose angry outpourings wreck the Salvadoreans' homes, but fail to ruffle their spirits.

Thus Salvadoreans, who love their *divertimiento* (good time) when they can

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have it, last week chose to bolster their campaign against indebtedness in the hope it would guarantee a care-free existence.

First, their Congress honored their President, Gen. Maximiliano Hernandez Martinez, with the grandiloquent title of "Benefactor of the Fatherland"—mostly because the iron-fisted, swashbuckling General hates foreign creditors.

With not a wink of opposition, the fifty-seven-year-old General vented his rancor against the United States of pre-"Good Neighbor" days, which had led neighboring Guatemala, Honduras and Costa Rica in refusing to recognize his revolutionary coup in 1931.

At that time General Martinez deemed it smart to recognize Manchukuo by way of snubbing the North Americans. Besides, the move brought him international publicity, as it made El Salvador the first and only nation to recognize Japan's conquest of Manchuria.

Free-for-All—In 1927, after having broken the strangle-hold of the Melendez family which for fourteen years had monopolized the Presidency, Pio Romero Bosque became Salvador's first truly liberal President. At the end of his term, wise, public-spirited Bosque, eliminating himself from the Presidential race because the Constitution forbade Presidents to succeed themselves, painstakingly supervised a free presidential election.

Nine candidates immediately pitched their hats into the ring. Bosque pleaded and cajoled, but only two rivals withdrew. At the polls none of the remaining seven won a clear majority, as he had predicted. Then the National Assembly met in the Blue Room and chose Arturo Araujo.

Nine months after Señor Araujo's inauguration (March 1, 1931), he had to flee to Guatemala. The Army had stepped in and approved General Martinez, then War Minister, to head the country as Provisional President. The next year, Congress voted to make the General a full-fledged constitutional President.

Six months before his four-year term ended in August, 1934, General Martinez resigned in favor of his Vice President and announced his candidacy for reelection.

As political parties did not exist, Salvadoreans welcomed another Roman festival at the three-day election. They had but one candidate to approve and that was law-abiding, handsome General Martinez. It was another *divertimiento*.

This time, legally elected, General Martinez's grasp on the country became iron-clad. He pursued communists and rebel officers relentlessly and announced grandiose reforms that emulated even communism's Utopian schemes.

Plans—Quickly a labor law was enacted, with an eight-hour day for male and seven-hour six-day week for female workers, including annual vacations and sick-leave with pay. Going still further, he placed all power and light public utilities under government control and imposed a flat five per cent. tax on their income.

Meanwhile his *junta* of social defense worked hard to provide for land-parceling among the *ladinos* (mixed Indian and white peasants who make up 90 per cent. of the population). Already a coffee-defense law had placed the cultivation of El Salvador's major industry under government supervision.

His spoon-fed press saw to it that every reform gained wide publicity and adulation for the Benefactor. When the United States and other 1923 Treaty adherents, in line with President Roosevelt's "Good-Neighbor" policy, recognized his régime, General Martinez sat on top of the world.

Last week, his Congress determined to perpetuate his régime by assuring him of next year's election.

AFTER 55: British Spinsters Organized to Get Same Pensions as Widows Are Snubbed

Only one Englishman out of ten remains a bachelor all his life. This offers scant hope to Britain's women, since the War outnumbering men by nearly 2,000,000.

Facing these statistics with a realism characteristic of her generation, Miss Florence White, a Bradford business woman, last year organized the National Spinsters' Pensions Association. With membership

Keystone

Mere spinsters couldn't sway Sir Kingsley Wood

up to 35,000, last week she led a demonstration through London streets to Hyde Park, historic haven of the underprivileged.

To the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the women sang "Fight, Fight, for Spinsters' Pensions," then treated a Coronation-weary populace to "When I've Worked to Fifty-five," set to the tune of "When I Grow Too Old to Dream."

The spinsters insist that, like widows, they should receive old-age benefits at fifty-five instead of sixty-five.

"What is the difference between having a man and losing him and not having one?" one of their leaders asked bitterly. "The difference to me is that one gets ten shillings ($2.50) a week at fifty-five and the other gets nothing."

Unity—Injustices to women in the Government's new Widows, Orphans and Old-Age Contributory-Pensions Bill aroused all nine women M.P.'s to such an extent that, for perhaps the first time, "Red Nellie" Wilkinson was on the same side as Conservative Viscountess Astor. The bond between these sisters under the skin was a provision that men who draw salaries of $2,000 a year may receive pensions, whereas women have to earn less than $1,250 to come within the law.

Sir Kingsley Wood, cherubic Minister of Health, who had to defend the measure, took refuge in weak humor. He had noticed personally, he said, that it generally was easier for a bachelor to pay one shilling three pence a week than it was for a married man to pay double the sum.

Male M.P.'s chortled, females glared.

"I do not hesitate," the Minister went on, less cheerfully, "to describe this scheme as one largely for the benefit of women because the chief attraction it offers to men is that it enables them to make provisions for their widows and children. . . . The income limits are not based on sex discrimination, but on the respective burdens and responsibilities carried."

Unshaken—Nothing he could say about man's responsibilities, however, could make the women M.P.'s forget those of their harder-working sisters. Mrs. Mavis Constance Tate, Conservative Member from Frome, remarked coldly that men were supposed to be the logical sex, but she could not believe that Ministers' salaries, newly raised, would be based on the principle of responsibility so that a married Minister with children got one salary while a bachelor got another. The Pensions Bill struck most unfairly, she argued, on a class of women who least could afford such treatment.

"Old age is very much harder for the woman who has to support herself, and often relatives as well," she said. "A woman who has had to earn her living all her life on a lower salary than a man is not able to save as much for her old age. Old age lasts longer for a woman because she has four-years' longer expectation of life. Moreover, old age begins earlier for a woman and it is much more difficult for a middle-aged woman to keep her job than it is for a middle-aged man."

None of these arguments moved the Government Bench and the bill passed its second reading easily. But the spinsters feel that, if they are willing to admit to fifty-five, they should get the same treatment as widows and men.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Cape Town, South Africa—Revelation that the broadcast greeting of South Africa's wild lions to King George VI on Coronation day in reality was the canned roar, on a phonograph-record, of a tame lion in the Pretoria Zoo has caused a mild scandal here. Government radio officials also have admitted that the "sugar-planter" of the broadcast was in reality a movie-theater manager and that the "Rand gold-miner" was a sports-writer.

* * *

Canton, China—Old horseshoes are imported here. From them are made the razors with which native barbers shave the heads of their clients in the streets, using one small bowl of water for all until, by the end of the day, the water is a thick paste of dirt and hair. For many years, only horseshoes from Hamburg were wanted. More recently, shoes from the hoofs of Liverpool dray-horses have held the market.

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GOBLIN KNOCKING AT DOCTOR'S DOOR

Socialized Medicine, Medical Phenix, Rises From Its Ashes

Into the eighty-eighth annual session of the American Medical Association last week stalked a nine-lived specter which sent shivers slithering down the spinal column of many a physician.

The ghost was that of socialized medicine. It proved, as it trailed invisibly, but portentously, behind bountifully bewhiskered Sen. J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, to be a very live ghost, more embryo than ectoplasm.

Senator Lewis, emissary of President Roosevelt and Chairman of the Senate's Social Security Committee, warned the Atlantic City convention that a federalization of medical practise was inevitable, that physicians no longer could consider patients their private property, that physicians eventually might be licensed by the Government as government officers, to take care of citizens.

Willing—The build-up for the appearance of Senator Lewis was adoption by the House of Delegates, the A.M.A.'s ruling body, of a report reaffirming "its willingness, on receipt of direct request, to cooperate with any governmental or other qualified agency and to make available the information, observations and results of investigation, together with any facilities of the association."

Qualifying this willingness was a reservation that the action "does not constitute in any sense of the word an indorsement of health insurance, either voluntary or compulsory, as a means of meeting the situation."

Paving the way for cooperation with the Government in any plan for a Federal Department of Health or plans for medical care, the report was adopted after a bitter three-day battle between liberals and conservatives in the House of Delegates. It was a frank compromise with more far-reaching suggestions of the resolution submitted by the Medical Society of the State of New York on the opening day of the convention, which called for the formation of a national health policy by the association; extension of preventive medicine through public health services; public funds for raising the standards of medical education and providing diagnostic laboratories; the creation of a Federal Department of Health.

Goblins—But what really sent many a physician reaching for a febrifuge was the prompt appearance of Senator Lewis, spokesman for the President in asking cooperation of the medical profession in the solution of problems deemed to be within the Government's province. The goblins conjured up by Senator Lewis were frightening enough.

"All your past has been that of the doctor and his patient and that won't do," warned the Senator. "The patient steps up and says now, 'I have a voice unto myself.' . . . I beseech you to realize that there is nothing that is not now undergoing some form of encroachment of those who, because of power, politically dominate the control given by the advantage we speak of as office.

"The question for you doctors is not whether you like it or whether you don't. The question for you is, 'What is to be done about it?'"

Certain groups, said Senator Lewis, were about to demand that physicians be licensed by the Government in addition to the rights of practise they now enjoy under local laws. Thus, a doctor would be treated as an officer of the Federal Government, taking care of the country's citizens.

"Since that is the position in which you are soon to be put, and which every hour you reach nearer and nearer, pardon me if, as a brother professional man, I say it is nothing less than absurd for men to come around you and say: 'This is an invasion. It ought to be resisted. It ought not to be adopted.'"

And then, more in sorrow than in anger, a considerable proportion of the 105,460 members of the American Medical Association realize that it is no longer possible to deny that a tremendous change impends in medical economics. Beaten annually to earth, socialized medicine has risen time and time again to plague the association, but not until last week did it succeed in breaking through the solid phalanx of medical conservatives; then, in only attenuated degree. The whole subject is riddled with political angles.

Said the retiring President of the A.M.A., Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd:

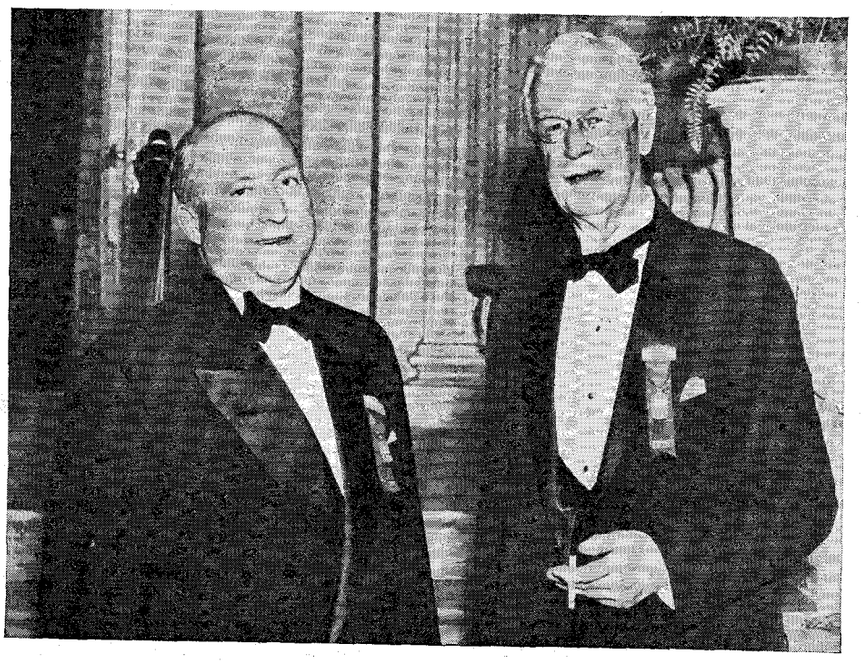
"Organized medicine is not immune from critical study and must find the answer to certain changes in our medico-social organization. The abstract question, 'Has the individual a claim on government for personal medical care?' must be answered.

"The wage-earners constitute approximately 27,000,000 individuals. They represent the acme of political power; they may be and usually are organized by astute politicians for the furtherance of machine politics and class privilege. . . . It is not compulsory health insurance or State medicine that will destroy free and competitive medical practise; it is an extension of institutional medicine for which the State will provide the funds."*

Resisting—President-elect Dr. J. H. J. Upham further explained the policy of organized medicine:

"Our association is not reactionary, nor is it struggling to maintain the status quo because it is the status quo. Rather, it is resisting with all its power the suggestions of theorists and experimenters of any and all schemes that would impair or cause deterioration of the quality of medical practise in this country."

Compulsory health-insurance bills (or sickness insurance, as physicians prefer to call it) already have been introduced in the United States Senate, in Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island, Washington and Massachusetts. None is expected to pass this year; all will be reintroduced.



A.M.A.'s Doctors Upham and Heyd explained stand on socialized medicine

Acme

Birth Control—In contrast to the tenseness with which physicians faced the socialized-medicine bogy, the first official recognition of birth control by the American Medical Association was almost placid. The House of Delegates adopted three far-reaching recommendations of its committee on contraceptive practises, which has been studying birth control since its appointment in 1935:

1. That the A.M.A. investigate the various forms of contraception with a view to disseminating authoritative information on the subject to the medical profession.
2. That the association promote the teaching of proper methods of birth control in the medical schools.
3. That the association make clear to physicians their legal rights in relation to the use of contraceptives.

Legally, the justification for contraception is the medical need of the patient. The committee reported that no Federal or State laws exist which interfere with any medical advice a physician is called

*For previous articles on socialized medicine, see THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 23, April 10 and May 1.

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upon to furnish his patient* and that contraceptive information is admittedly available to those who can pay for it, that physicians in free dispensaries can furnish patients with information which may be furnished lawfully to patients in any other economic group. Practically, the association's action is de facto recognition of contraception, will clarify the legal and ethical status of the subject for medical men.

Opposition—Promptly, the Rev. Ignatius Cox, professor of ethics at Fordham University, announced the formation of a "legion of decency" against physicians who approve the use of contraceptives. Seventy-five members of the Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds, attending the A.M.A. convention, took part in a protest meeting a few doors down the Board Walk from the main convention, vigorously refusing "to aline themselves with any doctors who, by adherence to a pagan philosophy and even by their action can tend to make the medical practitioner the grave-digger of the nation."**

Father Cox promised a show-down fight on birth control in the near future. Opposition of religious and other groups within the ranks of American medicine previously has blocked recognition of birth control as a legitimate part of medical practise. Satisfied with the fact that the physician is free to use contraceptives in his practise, Margaret Sanger, birth-control pioneer, and Dr. Clarence Cook Little, President of the American Birth Control League, approved the association's action.

A.M.A. Briefs

Dissenters on birth control and medical economics found common ground at the A.M.A. convention last week in agreeing that the past year had brought notable advances in medicine. Of the hundreds of important papers read by attending delegates, these were among the most significant to sufferers:

Diabetes—Protamin, insulin, in many cases, makes life much more pleasant for the diabetic than the old type of insulin which had to be injected into the patient too frequently for comfort. By the addition of protamin, a protein obtained from a certain species of fish, the action of insulin can be prolonged, making fewer injections necessary. The addition of small amounts of metals, such as zinc, enhance the stability of protamin insulin and increase its effect in lowering the blood-sugar.

Sulfanilamid—Widely publicized under the name prontosil as a specific for streptococcic infections, this chemotherapeutic agent is known officially as sulfanilamid. Drs. Perrin H. Long and Eleanor H. Bliss of Johns Hopkins University, first to introduce the remedy in this country, warned doctors that they may become dangerously overenthusiastic in its use. Dizziness, nausea, acidosis, rashes and anemia have followed the use of the drug in some cases.

The drug is not an antiseptic, does not kill germs, but apparently keeps them from growing, injuring them sufficiently so that phagocytes, germ-eating blood-cells, destroy them.

Venereal—Latest use for sulfanilamid is in the treatment of gonorrhea. Doctors were pleasantly amazed at results. Striking cures in forty-one cases given ten-day sulfanilamid treatment were reported by Drs. John E. Dees, Henry C. Harrill and John A. C. Colston.

Just what this can mean in the treatment of gonorrhea, which, up to now, has had no such specific as arsphenamin in syphilis, is indicated by the startling figures presented to the convention by Dr. Raymond A. Vonderlehr of the United States Public Health Service:

Every year 1,000,000 Americans acquire gonorrhea; 493,000 are under treatment at any given time.

Babies—Too earnest mothers exhibit an unfortunate tendency to overfeed their babies, Dr. Thurman B. Given reported. By feeding two spoonfuls instead of one to the infant, pouring heavy cream into the cereal and mixing too much butter with the vegetables, a mother easily can build a baby which will outstrip its contemporaries in weight, but lose all go-getting tendencies, lying aimlessly cooing in its crib when it should be out toddling with its properly nourished brothers.

Women who have kidney or blood-vessel disease should not have children, Dr. John P. Peters of Yale University warned, since pregnancy in such cases leaves irreparable damage. Child-bearing is dangerous, too, for the excessively heavy woman, according to Drs. Harvey G. Matthews and Maurice G. Der Broucke of Brooklyn.

Heart—Men are overwhelmingly favored victims of heart-disease. In a study of 100 heart-patients under forty, Drs. R. Earle Glendy, Samuel A. Levine and Paul D. White of Boston found that city life, lack of exercise, tendency to overeat, excessive use of tobacco, obesity and nervous sensitivity predisposed to coronary ailments early in life. Alcohol, it appeared, did not play an important part, but 93 per cent. of the heart-patients were smokers.

Worry—High-strung people can worry themselves into a fine case of peptic ulcer, Drs. Kenneth J. Tillotson of Waverly, Massachusetts, and Heinrich Necheles of Chicago have discovered independently.

What Sickness Insurance Would Cost in the United States

(Compiled by *Medical Economics* magazine, based on rates specified in currently proposed national and State sickness insurance legislation.)

Weekly Wages	Deducted From Worker (yearly total)	Paid by Employer (yearly)	Total Annual Payments
$10	$5.20	$18.20	$23.40
20	10.40	36.40	46.80
30	31.20	39.00	70.20
40	41.60	52.00	93.60
50	78.00	39.00	117.00
60	93.60	46.80	140.40

*Green light for physicians doubtful of their legal right to give contraceptive information was the case of U. S. vs. One Package. The defendant, Package, contained contraceptive materials shipped from Japan to a New York physician. It was seized by Customs authorities. The Circuit Court of Appeals, on December 7, 1936, handed down a decision holding that a statute which forbade the importation of articles of contraception did not apply to articles which might be employed by physicians to promote the life or well-being of their patients.

**Only forms of birth control not frowned upon by the Catholic Church are continence and observance of the so-called "safe period."

CHEAT HEAT: There Are Ways of Drinking, Dieting and Dressing to Keep Cool

In London last week, sweating judges defied sturdy British tradition and removed their heavy court wigs in abject compromise with a sticky heat-wave.

In New York, Manhattanites inaugurated the swelter season. Straw hats came out of storage and Americans began to face the seasonal perplexity of how to be happy tho humid.

Heat not only can be uncomfortable, but fatal; sunstroke usually strikes without advance warning, bringing death within thirty-six hours in 40 per cent. of all cases.

Most heat-prostrations are preventable by common-sense precautions and summer comfort is the reward of those who greet hot weather by dressing for it, eating for it and making a few simple adjustments to environment.

In spite of Mark Twain's famous complaint, a good deal has been done about the weather—particularly summer weather. In 1901, there were 724 persons who died from sunstroke in New York City; in 1911, the toll was 448; by 1931, it had fallen to 35.

Better understanding of dietetics, better ventilation, extension of public parks and more public baths, contributed to this significant decrease, proving that people need not die from heat-waves unless they choose to. The national peak of heat-stroke mortality comes the last week in July and the first two weeks in August.

Heat-prostration plays favorites in choosing its victims. The very old and the very young are particularly sensitive to heat. Other favored subjects for prostration are the obese, the alcoholically indiscreet and the heavy eaters.

Liquids—The most universal method of cooling off is to take a drink. This is a physiologically sound procedure, provided you drink the right things. Alcohol is one of the poorest hot-weather drinks, as it itself is a heat-producer. Milk and buttermilk are good summer beverages, but they also are foods. Hot or cool tea is good. The hot drink increases perspiration tendency and the evaporation of perspiration from the surface of the body is nature's No. 1 method of keeping the body temperature at an even 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit regardless of outside temperatures.

Most people do not drink enough water either in summer or winter and it is rarely that the fluid intake is overdone. Too much ice-water is distinctly bad for sensitive systems, however, when it is gulped down avidly.

Ice-water, iced tea and iced coffee are popular summer drinks which should be consumed in leisurely sips, rather than downed at a gulp to chill the stomach. Wholesome fruit-juices are beneficial beverages in winter or summer, but overindulgence may produce allergic sensitivity in some people, leading to skin-eruptions.

Soda-pop and various carbonated beverages often are little more than flavored water charged with carbon dioxid. The ingredients in themselves usually are pure and harmless, but too much ice-cold pop sloshed down on top of too many hot-dogs has a tendency to lead to gastric regret.

Strangely enough, the best summer thirst-quencher of them all is cool water

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with a small amount of salt dissolved in it. Perspiration lowers the water-level of the body, producing symptoms of thirst. Perspiration also carries away a certain amount of saline solution from body tissues.

In many factories where employees do heavy labor, perspiring heavily in hot weather, drinking-water in which a small proportion of salt has been dissolved is provided. The drink is quite palatable and it allays thirst swiftly by replacing the lost salt content of the tissues.

Food—Diet is another important route to summer comfort. The earnest trencherman is asking for an ambulance ride to the emergency ward. Steaks smothered in onions and twelve-course dinners are invitations to heat-prostration. Fortunately, most people's appetites are less demanding in the summer.

"Eat lightly" is an iron-clad rule for hot-weather comfort. Fats and fried foods should be avoided. Sugars, starches, meats and fats are heavy fuel-producers, hence should be consumed sparingly. Plenty of green vegetables and fruits are recommended for the hot-weather menu. A raw vegetable salad, with fruit or ice-cream—never pastries—for dessert, is an approved touch.

If you have been used to eating heavily and your stomach sends up hunger pains in midmorning and midafternoon, a cup of tea and a cracker or two will untwist that empty organ from the knot into which it ties itself. Dr. Donald A. Laird of Colgate University, experimenting with workers' reactions to afternoon-tea parties, reports definite stimulation and stepping-up of energy.

Clothes—Dressing properly for hot weather is not at all difficult. Whatever garments are worn, they should not restrict the circulation. Tight garters and other constrictive pieces of clothing tend to impede the five quarts of the body's blood scurrying through the system every twenty-three seconds to radiate away some of its surplus heat from the skin's surface.

White or light-colored garments have superior ability to reflect heat-waves. A wide variety of textiles is used successfully in making summer-weight clothes. Wool used to be scorned for summer suits, but it has been discovered that it has excellent thermostatic and absorptive qualities. Loose, porous weaves permit perspiration on the surface of the skin to evaporate through the fabric.

The hatless cult for men makes most of its converts during the summer. If you are at all heat-sensitive, however, a hat is your chief protection against sunstroke. Rays of the sun on the eyes and, particularly, upon the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, produce sunstroke on long exposure. To patients of middle age and beyond, who have to be out in the hot sun, particularly at midday, most physicians say, "Wear a hat."

Leisure—Overexertion predisposes to heat-prostration. By all means, say the doctors, avoid hurrying during the day. Get up half an hour earlier if you have to, but take your time at the day's routine.

It is advisable to start off with a shower, topped off with lukewarm water permitted to dry from the body by evaporation. Repeat the bath at night, if possible. If the heat becomes unbearable, frequent washing of the face and neck and immersion of the hands in cold water will help to cool off.

Sunstroke produces unconsciousness, a rising temperature and stoppage of perspiration. It is a serious condition and a physician should be called at once. The usual preliminary treatment is to cool the body by wrapping in cold, wet sheets, by ice-packs and similar methods.

Heat-exhaustion differs from sunstroke in that the victim perspires profusely and his temperature often falls below normal. Victims of sunstroke who recover usually are sensitive to heat thereafter, so that 80 degrees Fahrenheit is a danger-line on the thermometer.

Skin—Heat-rash, or prickly heat, is an eruption of tiny water-blisters. Caused by excessive heat and sweating, it usually occurs on parts of the body covered by clothing. With proper ventilation it disappears spontaneously. Excessive use of alcohol is a predisposing cause.

Electric fans cool by setting up air-currents which carry away the evaporating perspiration of the body. When the humidity is high, perspiration does not evaporate into the saturated air—hence the *cliché*, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity."

Houses can be kept relatively comfortable in hot weather by placing fans to draw in the cool air of night, closing the doors and drawing blinds in the morning to retain the cool air as long as possible. Some salesmen traveling in desert and drought country keep cool by placing a hundred-pound cake of ice in the rear seat of their sedans, closing all windows.

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Keep cool . . . a busy New Yorker finds shirtless collar more comfortable for warm weather than collarless shirt

SCIENCE SNAPS

Sea-Water—The Ethyl-Dow Chemical Company, which extracts bromin from sea-water for use in ethyl-gasoline mixtures, last year threw $96,379,460 of potential wealth back into the ocean. This represented the mineral content of 158,735,000,000 pounds of sea-water pumped through its plant, for which no profitable method of extraction is known. Included in the wasted sea-water were $33,200,000 worth of table-salt, $33,600,000 worth of magnesium (enough for 1,500,000,000 photographers' flash-bulbs), $18,500,000 worth of Epsom salts and enough gold to make a five-inch cube valued at $42,000.

* * *

Radium—Radium is worth 25,000 times as much as gold, is present in the proportion of one part to 30,000,000 parts of hand-picked ore, members of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers learned. The radium refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, is the only one in the world now in active operation. It uses ore from Great Bear Lake, 3,000 miles away, and has succeeded in cutting the price of radium in half. The world's entire supply of radium amounts to little more than one pound.

* * *

Fevered Duffers—For every eighteen holes of golf, the average player gives off enough heat to raise the temperature of a ton of water one degree. He also will lose enough water through perspiration to fill two average tumblers. These statistics were calculated by A. H. Reinach of the Kelvinator Company, who winds up to a smashing climax with the statement that enough human heat is dissipated on the average golf-course each week to melt six tons of ice and bring the water so obtained to a boil.

* * *

Pied Piper—Great Britain is looking for a *Pied Piper* who can corral the nutrias which have been escaping from English breeding-farms. A nutria is a South American rat, weighing from twelve to twenty-five pounds, whose fur is used in making women's coats. Chief fear is that the escaped nutrias will repeat the damage caused by muskrats which, imported into England some years ago, bred by the thousands, escaped from their pens and undermined river and railway embankments. After four years and an expenditure of thousands of pounds sterling, the Minister of Agriculture has just got the muskrats under control.

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Screen

TOPICAL DRAMA FROM RUDDY SPAIN

"Last Train From Madrid" Applies "Grand Hotel" Plot to War

No fewer than four motion-picture studios have been fretting over a Spanish civil war theme. One, Twentieth Century-Fox, was first with an idea. It was called "The Fall of the Alcazar," and promptly aroused such diplomatic pother that the idea was abandoned. Paramount, with "Last Train From Madrid" completed and ready for release, therefore becomes the first studio to offer a finished film and take advantage of the news-value of the conflict.

No diplomat, however sensitive, will protest about the picture. None could, for it is a shrewdly devised game of fence-riding, with Paramount declaring in a foreword that it neither "upholds nor condemns" either side.

"Last Train From Madrid" is a "Grand Hotel" formula applied to war.

Story — The plot centers in the blood brotherhood sworn in Morocco by two young Spanish officers when Riffian attacks threatened to destroy their battalion. At the start, one is a captain and aide to the Military Governor of Madrid; the other is a political prisoner.

The prisoners are released from jail to bolster the sorely battered troops in the trenches of a beleaguered town. The captain contrives the escape of his former comrade, is detected at it and is arrested on a charge of treason.

Two women, a girl of the aristocracy and another whose character and situation never are made even partially clear, have momentary jointure with the two young officers. An American newspaper man and the daughter of a condemned man, a young coward and a prostitute complete the major figures in the plot.

Their efforts to get passes admitting them to the last train from Madrid result in a melodrama which rarely lets down so far as action is concerned, but which at times is strangely confused.

Robert Cummings and Helen Mack . . . theirs is a melodramatic play in war-torn Spain

The scenes of destruction and desolation are exceptional. In at least three instances it is difficult to tell where actual newsreel glimpses taken in Spain end and studio photography begins.

Lionel Atwill gives a doughty performance as the Military Governor, Gilbert Roland and Anthony Quinn divide the rôles of the young officers nicely and there is an excellent portrayal of cowardice by Robert Cummings.

The women fare less happily. Dorothy Lamour is assigned a hazy task as the girl of the aristocracy. Miss Olympe Bradna, for whom Paramount plans important parts, is attractively warm as the girl orphaned by war. Miss Karen Morley accomplishes an undefined rôle with skill, if some understandable bewilderment.

CLOWN BROWN: Crater-Mouthed Buffoon Mixes Crackpot Gadgets and Rural Romance

Tailored for Joe E. Brown addicts, "Riding on Air" supplies the crater-mouthed comedian with ample chance to demonstrate old buffooneries and add new ones. Children in the Hollywood preview audience screamed with joy while adults smiled. It is a wisely devised item for Brown's type of fun-making and will keep his type of audience contented.

This time, Brown is a small-town newspaper man with a mania for flying and the support of crackpot inventions. Between these two hungers, Clown Brown manages to stud his picture with exciting air stuff, with crazed gadgets. A prize radio contest, a crooked stock promoter, a tepid romance and the customary village atmosphere which endears Brown to his large audiences supply the remainder of the photoplay's wares.

Brown buys into a radio-beam idea for air-plane control, has interest in a self-flying plane and otherwise entangles himself in foolishness until a climax, which bears no relation to credibility, but is genuinely funny, extricates him from trouble, makes him a local hero and wins the girl for him.

Brown seldom has been funnier. Guy Kibbee gives commendable support to the vigorous star, as do Vinton Haworth, Florence Rice, Harlan Briggs and others.

RUBBER BOOT: Pedestrian Plot Polished Off as Vehicle for New Child Star

Nothing for those who seek art and higher meanings in cinema, but probably satisfying to audiences which want entertainment and leave art to the museums, "Midnight Madonna," a Paramount release, will be remembered longest because it introduces Kitty Clancy to the screen.

Miss Clancy is a winning child about five years old who happens to look much as Shirley Temple did at the same age. The Clancy is not as good an actress as

"Midnight Madonna" introducing Kitty Clancy, new child screen actress, and Mady Correll

the magic mite was at the time the Temple furor started, but she has this advantage: She is between four and five, whereas Shirley is getting to be a big girl now and shows it.

The plot fascinates itself with the workings of the courts in awarding child custody to disputing parents. No new thought in this social crisis is advanced and, except for the work of the Clancy child and an interesting performance by another newcomer to cinema, Mady Correll, "Midnight Madonna" is a fairly routine motion-picture. The cast rises above its material in almost every instance, demonstrating that experienced players can turn an old rubber boot into an acceptable film.

Fashions

SHOWING OFF: From Bath-Tubs to Private Cars, Luxury Market Enjoys Booming Sales

Into New York's Delmonico Hotel swept three ermine-and-sable-wrapped women one night last month. After playing bridge, they had gone out for a midnight snack; they were wearing jewelry calculated to engage the dullest eye.

There was nothing dull, however, about the dark eyes of a group of young thugs who crowded into the elevator after the women. It was only their haste in garnering a $14,000 bracelet and a $1,200 solitaire that made them fail to peel back expensive ermines and sables concealing a pearl necklace and a six and one-half carat diamond.

Despite New York's "Diamond Squad," engaged in protecting exhibitors of expensive jewelry, half a dozen such robberies have occurred in recent months. To cover all the sparkling gems parading Manhattan's fashionable areas this year a prohibitive army of police would be necessary. Jewelry sales are 29 per cent. higher than

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"And when the boy grows older – he'll be just as comfortable and safe in a

KNEE-ACTION CHEVROLET!"

CHEVROLET We'll venture to say that this boy won't permit himself to become very much older without clamoring for his first ride in that wonderful new Chevrolet! And his parents are right! He *will* be every bit as comfortable in a Knee-Action Chevrolet* as he is in his bed at home. And he'll be *safe,* too! For Knee-Action levels out the ride, keeps the car steady on any road and at any speed, gives the driver *better steering* and *better control* than he could possibly have without it. Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today and order the only low-priced car that has Knee-Action*—the new 1937 Chevrolet!

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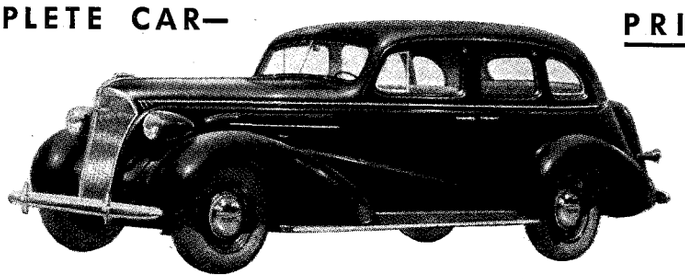

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*.

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Luxury sales soar as Miss America steps out with rare orchids and dazzling jewels

those of last year, itself the best since 1930. It is estimated that $350,000,000 would be paid this year for jewelry that refuses to hide its refractive talents under a bushel.

Why—With old jewels out of bank-vaults, with new ones pouring from the establishments of Cartier, Black Starr & Frost-Gorham, Tiffany, Marcus and others, an "honest" plugger in a recent police line-up commented: "Temptation gets yuh. Dames is wearin' bigger rocks than ever; lushes has got fatter wads." (Any detective-story reader would translate that, "Women are wearing larger diamonds than ever; wealthy drunkards carry larger rolls of bills.")

Explaining the increase in jewelry purchases—calling for the importing of $14,507,000 worth of precious stones in the first quarter of 1937—*de luxe* manufacturers smile expansively: "It's just the natural urge to show off."

"Women want to be dazzling; men want to prove they can afford it," one of the dealers said.

And as the finishing-schools turn out their quotas of young women, insurance companies look forward to a sharp increase in expensive "floater" jewelry policies, covering the trappings of many a bejeweled honeymoon.

The show-off doesn't run solely to gems. Topping the figures of jewelers for the last season is the $400,000,000 retail estimated sale of the furriers. Catering to the wealthy classes, such New York firms as Revillon Fréres, Bergdorf-Goodman, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Gunther, Jaeckels and Bonwit-Teller admit that a good fur wrap can be bought for $1,200. "Better coats," however, range upward from $10,000. Dwarfing in price the modest minks, sables and ermines, chinchilla wraps sold for $150,000. A chinchilla gift is ample evidence that some one considers the wearer valuable; she can "snoot" the most voluptuous wearers of sables.

Boom—With summer sending the furs to storage-houses, reports from Eastern and Western seaboards, as well as the Great Lakes area, list noticeable increases in the sales of yachts, speed-boats, cabin-planes, thoroughbred horses and dogs.

The New York representative of one boat-building company says he is glad to take orders for yachts of from forty-five feet to 110 feet. "But orders placed now with any of the larger companies won't be filled this year. We're booked up."

If there is any luxury which helps its owner to show off his wealth, it is yachting. "It's not the cost; it's the upkeep" might well fly from any masthead the land-bound see this summer; about $2,000 a day is the running cost of the big steam-yachts or Diesel schooners.

Land-bound spenders need not be squelched by the parade of the seagoing, however. The new private cars which roll by rail while their occupants loll in air-conditioned ease demonstrate ability to produce $100,000 to $150,000 with the greatest of ease.

They satisfy the demands of those who wish to take parties to horse-races and other sporting events, convince even the most skeptical that "there goes class."

Ermine wraps again adorn lovely ladies who frequent the nation's night-spots

Between thirty and fifty private cars are riding the rails these days.

And the hiring of private cars would make an impressive dent in many a traveling budget. Basic costs: No matter how few guests one carries, eighteen first-class fares are charged by the railroad for hauling. The Pullman Company, owning the cars, gets $75 a day, $95 a day with air-conditioning. Meal-service is extra, amounting to the cost of meals in a first-class hotel. There is a 25 per cent. service-charge above cost of meals for the steward, chef and waiter. Add rail-parking rates ranging from $3.50 to $20 a day and you have a week-end trip to the Derby.

For local transportation, the formal town-car has returned to a number of cities which report an increase in imported models—Isotta-Fraschini, Mercedes-Benz, Bugatti, Daimler, Fiat and Rolls-Royce all attest to the American desire for more luxurious travel.

American cars get you there just the same. But they cost, Duesenberg excepted, less than $10,000 on the wheel, the price-level where most big foreign cars take off.

Flowers join in the wealth parade.

At $100 each, on the authority of the Thomas Young Nurseries, there are not enough pure white orchids. And, as a hobby, the last two years have shown a 25 per cent. increase in amateur orchid-growers. An expensive, as well as painstaking, hobby, orchid-growing denotes sizable incomes and considerable leisure. For June weddings and graduation bouquets, Joseph Manda of Orange, New Jersey, member of the American Orchid Society, recommends Miltonia and Phælopsis, sometimes called "Pansy Orchids."

Silks—For wealthy citizens interested in such basic things of life as underwear, price-rises over the United States are general. Luxurious, but scanty, "scandalettes," base-garment of the débutante's wardrobe, are selling well at the good round figure of $50 a pantie. Dresses, hand-turned shoes, hats, gloves, purses and boudoir accessories are reaching for the highest price scales.

Combining horticulture, jewelry and accessories, the current vogue in personal adornment is stone flowers; modest price-tags have a $4,000 to $6,000 base. Elaborate clusters and single blooms such as a spray of lilies-of-the-valley combine emeralds, pearls and diamonds and cost $50,000 up. Jeweled orchids and roses with flexible petals, emerald stems and diamond thorns are worn casually in the hair or on the purse or shoe. Of the larger insurance companies offering residence and "floater" policies on such valuable gadgets, the majority report an increase of 35 per cent. in residence policies since 1935, 36 per cent. in floater policies during the past five months.

Tubs—Flower of all civilizations past and present, is the bath. Sloan's House of Ages features velvet walls; steam brings out the coloring of the non-spottable material, tones up the background to compare favorably with crystal accessories.

From bathing to swimming in a private pool is the remaining step. During the past three months, cement companies report such construction at a new peak.

"As much can be spent on pool accessories as can be turned over in building an office-building in the midtown area of a prosperous city," admits an architect with numerous orders on his books.

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WAR THREATENS SPAIN'S TREASURES

Loyalists Sending Prado Paintings to Louvre, Away from Moors

The first hail of aerial bombs which rained upon Madrid endangered one of the world's most priceless art treasures. But the Rebel fliers missed and before they called again, the Prado* had been emptied.

Where did thousands of magnificent (and heavy) paintings and sculptures vanish in the night?

To France? England? Holland? (Wild reports even have placed them in unfriendly Italy and Germany.) To Loyalist Alicante or Valencia? Castellon, Tarragona or Barcelona?

Checking the most likely rumors, THE LITERARY DIGEST did some sleuthing in Paris. Responsible French and Spanish authorities blew most of the rumors sky-high.

Tho they insist that, at the moment, not a single Prado painting is in France, they nevertheless admit freely that negotiations virtually are concluded for an official exhibition at the Louvre in Paris of the entire Prado collection during July, August, September and October.

No—Following the famous Italian show at the Louvre, French authorities approached the Spanish Government several years ago with a request that they be allowed to exhibit the Spanish collection. At that time the authorities refused to permit them to be moved.

Only after the bombing of Madrid, did they reconsider their decision. At that time they decided to send the entire collection to Paris as soon as it could be gathered together safely.

The Committee of Popular Culture and the Committee for the Protection of the Artistic Heritage in Spain have been working for many months in the war-torn areas of the country to save all art works from demolition.

Most of the work has been carried out by the Fifth Regiment of Militia, whose troops have been assigned to preserving works of art.

The Prado, windows blown out by air raids, is a gloomy shell of a building. Walls are bare of pictures. For months, the corridors were piled with packing-cases containing the nation's art treasures. The great building in Madrid, officially known as the National Museum of Painting and Sculpture, was founded by Charles III. Begun in his reign by the celebrated architect Juan de Villanueva, it was interrupted by wars, carried to a conclusion under Ferdinand VII. The first three rooms of the picture-gallery were opened in 1819.

Ready—The official French request that they be exhibited abroad was made through the French Minister of Education and was backed up by the National Museum of France. Prado officials and the Valencia Loyalist Government have already packed the pictures for shipment to Paris.

All details have been discussed and it was revealed through Max Aub, Spanish art delegate to Paris, that 50 per cent. of the proceeds from the showing would be devoted to the reconstruction of the Prado building and that the other half would go to the French National Museum.

This loan exhibit will be one of the most important items of the Paris International Exposition. For millions of French people and hundreds of thousands of expected foreign visitors, it will offer a rare opportunity to see the world-famous collection in its entirety, an impossibility in strife-ridden Spain this summer.

Aub declared that the "exhibit has been considerably enlarged and has almost doubled the value of the Prado treasures."

"One of the few good things of the present war," he declared, "has been the discovery of many magnificent and priceless paintings found stored in prison-vaults and hidden in places unseen for centuries. Among the finds were a mass of new El Grecos and many canvases of varied Spanish and Flemish schools, including several Van Dycks and Rembrandts."

"It may be said," he added, "that we found a rich mine of treasures which was stored during Spain's colonial glory, when America's gold found its counterpart in Europe's greatest paintings coming to Spain. Later they were literally buried alive and are just being exhumed into a living state."

The Loyalist Government requisitioned, collected and listed—wherever possible—all paintings, jewels and art treasures in private and public places. Committees of artists were formed everywhere to search under government direction. Even peasants and workers joined in the search, leading to amusing incidents about objects they brought in, thinking they were precious treasures.

French authorities confirmed the statement of Spanish officials that the Prado collection is intact, not a single object missing and many added. Asked where the treasures are kept, both Spanish and French authorities said:

"They are hidden safe and sure in a place known only to a few, but safe from bombs and fighting."

Because of political leanings, this would eliminate most of the countries hinted as present havens of Spanish art, altho several American art dealers believe that the treasures are hoarded right on the French border, if not in that country.

The Spanish officials, however, insist that not a single item has been sold, given away or lent since the war started and that none has left Spain. What really has happened to the world-renowned works will be one of the fascinating subjects upon which future historians may speculate.

No Sale—"The Spanish Government," an official added, "has no need to sell paintings for money and even if it were needed, it would not do so. We aim to preserve and add to the national patrimony of art."

The French Government offered to guarantee the preservation and safety of all art objects the instant they cross the frontier and has promised to return them as soon as the Louvre exhibit closes. The Spanish Government, it is understood, insisted upon this stipulation in a contract.

The Spanish Government also has indicated that it actually is in the market to buy Spanish paintings. At a current sale in Paris, the Spanish Government was prepared to be the highest bidder for all objects in which it was interested, regardless of cost.

Nevertheless, the French Capital always is a center of intrigue, political or artistic. Some exciting tales of plots and counterplots concerning the Spanish art treasures have filtered across the Atlantic in the past

*Some connoisseurs rank the Prado Museum in Madrid ahead of the Louvre; few, if any, would concede it lower rank than second in the world.

Courtesy Frick Art Reference Library

"Maya Vestida" . . . an El Greco masterpiece that had disappeared from the Church of Santa Tomé when Spanish insurgents arrived

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month. Loyalists are said to have stored many valuable canvases in private vaults. Spanish monarchists are said to be plotting to sneak some of them away.

Yarns — Other current fables place large numbers of Spanish paintings in Rambouillet and Malmaison. Concerning the latter old Palace, the stories tell of strange foreigners with black beards presenting forged papers and hoodwinking an aged custodian. Alarmists have spread the story that, because of confusion and insufficient protection, many of the works already have fallen into the hands of insurgent representatives in France.

Asked about the famous treasures in Toledo, a Spanish representative declared: "Nothing had been removed from Toledo before the city was evacuated. Unfortunately, we were surprized by the speed of the insurgent army and did not have time to take the treasures out before the town fell. Loss of the paintings was one of the greatest defeats of the whole war. If those paintings and treasures are missing after the Government regains the whole of Spain, we will know who is responsible."

The fate of the Toledo art has been discussed widely since capture of the city. From a Spanish art authority who was in Toledo about the time of its fall another story was received. A special delegate, he said, was sent to Toledo when the insurgent army was near, with instructions to preserve the El Greco pictures there. He had the canvases in the El Greco house and that artist's masterpiece, "The Burial of Count Orgaz," in the Church of Santo Tomé, taken down along with other works, rolled up and prepared for transport to Madrid.

Gone—The Mayor and Councilors of Toledo, however, came and stopped them from being taken out of the town and they were left on the floor of the church. When the insurgents arrived, they found the El Greco pictures and those in the San Vicente Museum missing. A cloak of the Virgin, reputedly studded with 90,000 pearls and diamonds, valued at 30,000,000 *pesetas*, also had disappeared.

The next rumor out of Toledo was that "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz" had been sent to Germany. Hope that the painting had not been destroyed, but had been hidden for safe-keeping, was expressed by Harry B. Wehle, Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. "The loss of this masterpiece by El Greco would be irreparable," he declared at the time.

This painting was finished probably in 1586, altho some authorities place the date two years earlier. Critics hold this to be the supreme achievement of the Spanish mystic (1577–1625). El Greco's real name was Domenico Theotocopoli. But, because he was born in Crete, he became known in Spain as "The Greek." In the last thirty years, his canvases have reawakened interest in the painter, his times and the age in which he lived—sometimes called "The Age of Gongorism."

Intention — "The Burial of Count Orgaz" was designed for the Church of Santo Tomé, originally a mosque, but rebuilt in the Gothic style at the expense of the Count of Orgaz. From the time of its completion, the picture had remained in this church. In the lower half, the canvas portrays the legendary burial of the Count in this Church by Saints Augustine and Stephen. In the upper section is portrayed the reception of the Count in heaven.

Courtesy Frick Art Reference Library

El Greco's "Christ With the Cross" . . . among Spain's missing art treasures

Several French art enthusiasts have expressed the hope that the picture will be recovered before the Paris exhibition and will occupy a prominent place.

Until a new inventory and authentication is made by world experts in France, no one will be able to assert positively what has been rescued from the civil war in Spain. There are many stories current about enthusiastic loyalist soldiers saving modern pieces because they looked new and throwing away priceless tapestries dating from the twelfth century; books are said to have suffered a similar fate.

Heroes—One of the most notable museums of Madrid, the converted Palace of the Duke of Alba, was almost completely destroyed. While it still was burning, militiamen ran in and, at the peril of their lives, salvaged some of the treasures. It is believed that most of the Titians, Rembrandts and Goyas were saved. One American correspondent saw bundles of Goya tapestries being loaded on trucks bound for Valencia.

There is some doubt about the Francisco Goya frescos in the Hermitage of San Antonio de la Florida, which has been bombed heavily in raids near the North Station. The peasant-born painter (1746–1828) decorated the ceiling of the Hermitage with frescoes representing St. Anthony preaching and performing miracles—full of life and movement, but with a minimum of religious sentiment.

Early in the fighting, El Greco's "San Ildefonso" was taken from the Church of Illesces, south of Madrid, for safety. Fine Velasquez, Titian, Ribera and Tintoretto works also were removed from El Escorial and stored in the vaults of the Bank of Spain. Only inaccessible ceiling paintings were left.

A curious incident occurred after the attack on the church in Sitgas, a seaside resort-town south of Barcelona. A wooden image of the Virgin was flung into the sea. Voices in the crowd cried, "No, no, she is wood; she might float to Italy and they would say it was another miracle." The figure then was taken hastily out of the water and burned.

Madrid's Prado contains some 2,500 paintings and 500 pieces of sculpture. It reputedly has the finest collections of Velasquez, El Greco, Goya, Murillo and Zurburan, as well as fine works of Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Correggio and Van Dyck.

Conquest—The masterpiece of Velasquez, "The Surrender of Breda," is in the Prado. It shows the Spanish conqueror, Spinola, backed by the lances of his soldiers, receiving the keys of Breda from the Hollanders in 1625.

The rooms in the Prado originally were intended for a collection on natural history, but, in recent years, were transformed into one of the finest of art galleries.

In the collection, Diego Velasquez (1599–1660) is represented by about sixty genuine works, ranging from his twentieth year to his death. The great colorist is represented in all his different phases as a painter: portrait, historical, landscape and portrayer of biblical, mythological and *genre* subjects. There are about the same number of Murillos and a large number of Riberas. The Spanish School of the fifteenth-eighteenth centuries is represented by almost all its masters.

The collection likewise is rich in works from Italy and the Netherlands. There is an altar-piece by Fra Angelico and "The Death of the Virgin" by Mantegna, both important fifteenth-century Italian works. Ten pictures are attributed to Raphael. There also are a fine Andrea del Sarto, two paintings by Sebastiano del Piombo and two Correggios. The Venetian School is represented by a Giorgione and forty Titians. The later Venetians, from Paolo Veronese to Tiepolo, also are represented.

Horror at the idea of the Spanish art treasures being demolished was voiced by Thomas Craven, American art critic, author of "Modern Art" and "Men of Art."

"But I have no doubt, if this ferocious business is not somehow checked, that Spain will go the limit and demolish her masterpieces, just as other nations have done when their blood was up. You will remember that the Turks dynamited the Parthenon; that Napoleon stabled his horses in the building containing Leonardo da Vinci's 'The Last Supper'; and that the old Italians were ready to raze the city of Florence to the ground in order to satisfy an insane political passion."

Nature

BEE-LINE: Trailers for Hives Newest Wrinkle in Making Honey South and North

Motorists on the highways leading north from Florida have seen and heard many strange things. Still they were quite puzzled last week down through Georgia and the Carolinas as a New York-bound trailer-truck emitted vociferous buzzes. Those whose curiosity prompted investigation found the vehicle transporting 480 colonies of bees back from the winter warmth of the South.

Bees are fussy, temperamental critters. They believe in living well. In winter, they enjoy being taken to the milder climes, but, even then, they aren't completely satisfied. Refusing to eat any but the best bee-foods, they insist on being

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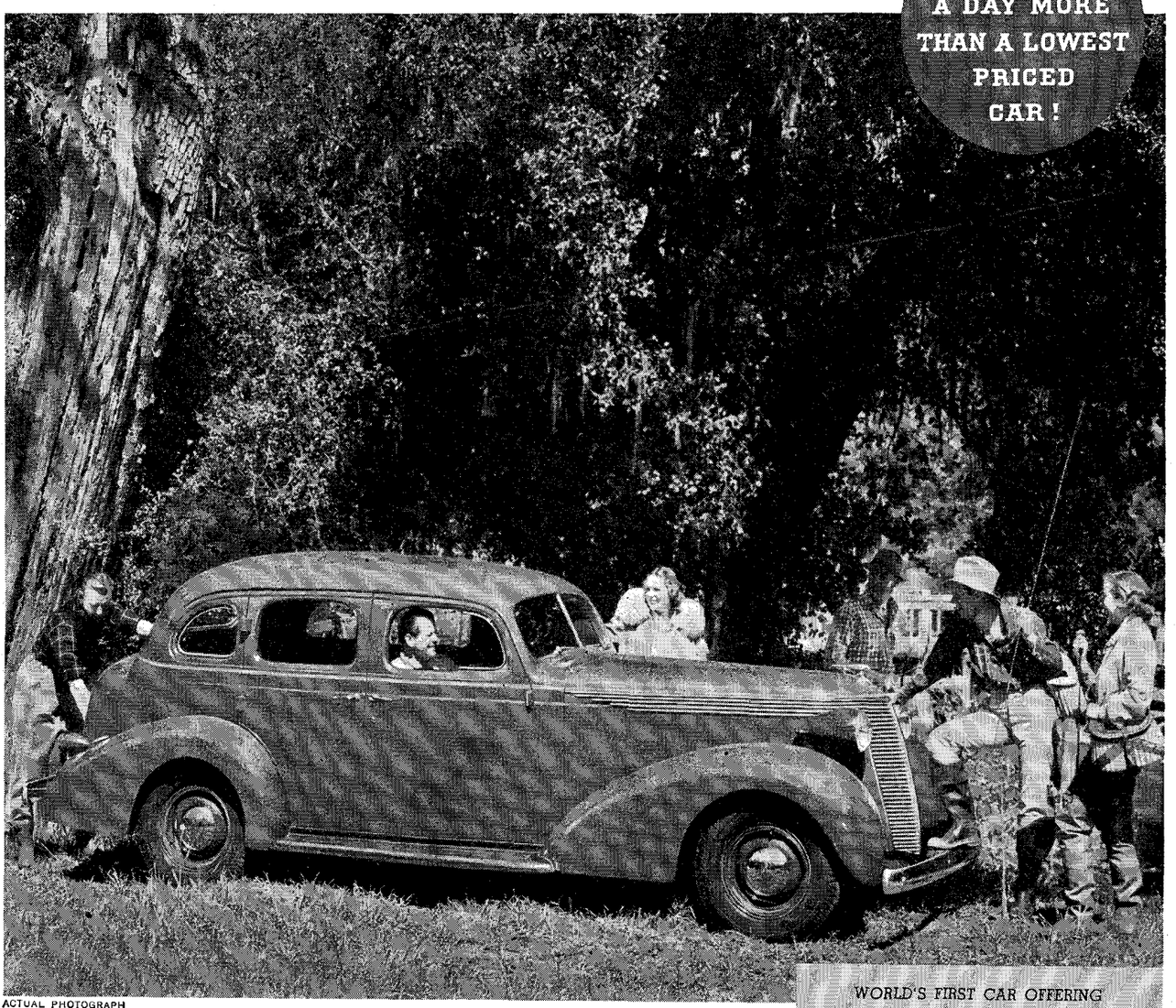

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moved around for expert nibbles at whatever fruit or flower is in fullest bloom.

Owners of a bee-ranch at Pembroke, New York, John DeMuth and his son, Jourdain J. DeMuth, believe in keeping their bees happy. When the early fall humming of their charges indicates migratory desires, they take 1,440 colonies south in three loads. Each colony numbers between 45,000 and 75,000 bees. In the spring, when the insects start grumbling about the weather, the cavalcade north is started. Last week, Jourdain DeMuth, thirty-four, brought the last batch up from their extended winter vacation.

Flight—The trip from Umatilla, Florida, to Pembroke was made in fifty-five hours. This was prompted by the restless disposition of the travelers who like to get places quickly once they start.

The bees travel in boxes twenty inches square and eight inches high with a wire netting over the top. DeMuth said that if he stopped for more than fifteen minutes on the road, his guests rose from the bottom of the boxes in high indignation and swarmed, livid with protests, under the screen.

John DeMuth, now fifty-nine, started keeping bees when he was nine. This activity so incensed one of his teachers that he made this dire prediction: "You'll be in jail before you're twenty-one."

A neighbor bee-keeper refused to sell DeMuth a hive and this so angered him that he bought a better one just to show the neighbor what he thought of him.

Experienced as he is with bees, DeMuth Sr. always wears a net when he goes calling on his temperamental lodgers.

Jourdain DeMuth has been working with bees all his life. Now he is a bee-inspector for the State of New York, a job which his father held for five years.

In addition to their own apiary, the DeMuths control several others, are large producers of honey. Because they go to Florida each winter, they are considered "tramp bee-keepers." The elder DeMuth says he was the first of his profession to winter in Florida, an idea which has taken the fancy of scores of competitors.

Ease—Business is combined with pleasure on these winter peregrinations. Maintaining a motor-boat in Florida, the DeMuths hunt and fish while their bees please their palates with the best menus which can be obtained for them.

Justification for the trip is that the cold weather of the North kills many bees. In Florida, the stock is improved by breeding and when the family returns six months later it has the jump on other bee-keepers who have to await warm weather.

DeMuth senior says that Florida authorities are considering an embargo on bees because "tramp bee-keepers" are considered a great expense to the State. Because of disease, peculiar to honey-bees only, Florida has to go to the expense of examining each apiary and killing off the diseased members. Many "tramp keepers" take diseased bees south in an attempt to strengthen the stock.

The DeMuths, remembering their protégés' love of change, start at the southern extremity of Florida and work north. At first the bees make honey from wild sunflowers; then oranges take their fancy; then galberry and, finally, saw palmetto Up North, the best honey, the DeMuths find, is made from alfalfa, sweet clover and alsac clover.

On the trips to Florida in November, they take hives along and, if necessary, build more. These measure sixteen inches by fourteen and are ten inches high. While south, they also breed their own queen-bees from the best colonies.

There are 30,000 bee-keepers and 195,000 colonies of bees in Pennsylvania—the leading State in bee population. While these bees annually produce 1,750,000 pounds of honey worth $300,000, their greatest value is as pollenizers of fruit and other blossoms.

Social Science

LORD BOUNTIFUL: Wealthiest Briton Rankless, But Poor Bless Name of Joe Rank

In Britain's "Who's Who" there are just three lines about him.

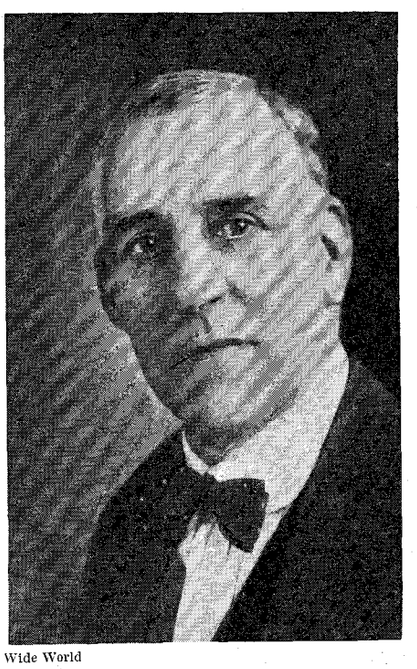
Never has the press interviewed him; only once has it photographed him.

Indeed, if one stopped a hundred persons in the streets of London and asked who Joseph Rank was, the chances are they'd be unable to say.

Yet he is easily the wealthiest of living Englishmen. His fortune is estimated at from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000. His benefactions long ago entitled him to a peerage. Both Conservatives and Liberals who sounded him out on this got only a snorting refusal:

"What would I do with a title?—I'm Joe Rank to everybody. I'd look fine as 'Lord Joe!' "

Tall—just under six feet—clean-shaven, his face still strong despite his eighty-three years, Joseph Rank knew very well he had no need for a title. For a quarter-century, he has been an anonymous Lord Bountiful to many a British industrial town, to his native Hull (Yorkshire) and to the Wesleyan (Methodist) Church, to which he has given between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000.



Wide World

Joseph Rank . . . England's miller-king sheds his anonymity and fortune

Always, strict anonymity has been a prime condition to his philanthropy. But, last October, he chose to shed some of this, in order to finance publicly a temperance film, "Seven Men of Preston."

Last week, it was apparent to many a Briton that Millionaire Rank was shedding more of this anonymity. Reason: To back Methodism's use of films for educational work and to promote the Religious Film Society, of which his second son, J. Arthur Rank, is Hon. Treasurer.

Britons hoped, as a result, that they might get to know more about their silent benefactor. What they do know has been mostly handed around by word of mouth. A cousin has quoted him as saying:

"I've never been in difficulty once in my life. If I take anything to prayer, I always succeed."

Miller—It stems from boyhood days. Born in 1854 under the whirling arms of an ancient windmill, the third generation of millers, pious Mr. Rank at twenty-one had bought his own mill, steam-driven, with $1,250 left to him by his father. Then, on sheer nerve rather than cash, he added two more.

His working capital severely restricted, his local prestige nil, owing to his disconcerting piety, he debated whether to buy wheat at the current price. For days, he waited for the answer through prayer. Suddenly, while reading a newspaper one afternoon, the answer came as clear as a bell: "Buy!"

Miller Rank grabbed his hat, rushed down to the corn exchange and bought. The deal was a huge success for him. He acquired more mills, but, despite the inflow of wealth, he was torn by the idea he ought to be a missionary.

"Joe," his cousin advised, "you are not made for a missionary. If you will buy a rolling-mill you will become the greatest miller in Hull."

Riches—Sticking to milling, Joseph Rank expanded in England and Scotland.

Shaving off his beard, he moved south to London. He promptly became Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in suburban Tooting Bec, began the long stream of contributions to his church.

Tho he lives in Reigate (Surrey), he travels back to Tooting Bec every Sabbath, carrying his lunch in a paper bag, eating it in the vestry.

Mr. Rank continued to pray and he was not sorry he had when the World War broke out. Holidaying with his wife in Austria, he was immediately interned, was unable to communicate with his home office, where he had left iron-clad orders on how to buy and sell. He realized that if his terrified subordinates followed his adamantine instructions, the firm might go bankrupt.

"So I prayed to God," he said afterward, "to give my men courage to disregard my instructions. When my wife and I were finally released and I got back to London, I found that my men, for the first time in their lives, had completely ignored my orders. God had answered my prayer." But colleagues on Liverpool's Baltic Exchange, premier grain-pit in the world, opined that the unhappy employees did a lot of praying, too.

War profits rolled in upon him, causing him great distress. He went to Lloyd George with a scheme to make flour on a non-profit basis. The Prime Minister groaned: "You don't know the law, my dear sir. On a profit basis, I can make

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a deal with you in five minutes. But on a non-profit basis it would need an Act of Parliament—and there simply isn't time. Just go ahead and do the best you can."

Overturn—Mr. Rank did and, in 1922, took his War profits—between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000—and handed them over to the Board of Trustees to use the income for the benefit of British Methodism.

Overnight, the fabulous "anonymous donor" became the acknowledged "Pillar of Methodism." His mission churches sprang up in provincial industrial cities and in the East End of London. Personally, he plodded through mean streets to inspect building-sites. Nor did he stop there. He insisted the halls have tip-up seats, provided an aged ministers' fund.

Philosophy—Says a friend: "He never gives irresponsibly. He believes that charity helps most when it encourages people to help themselves."

Rather stern in appearance, with a wide, thin mouth, Mr. Rank never has lost his rich Yorkshire accent, affects the careless garb of a small-town miller. He is, too, devoid of social ambition, likes to sit with his wife in the evening and turn on phonograph-records by Sir Harry Lauder.

Altho it is known his benefactions have been enormous, the only gift apart from that to Methodism definitely traced is a trust fund of unknown dimensions, believed to be $1,500,000, which he set up in Hull. The income from it is given weekly to some 600 poor people. It is run on non-denominational lines.

Known as "Old Joe" on the Baltic Exchange, Mr. Rank puts in a full day at his office, continues to rule his firm with an iron hand.

Credo—He has a flair for judging the wheat market, but insists it is simple: "Never worry about wheat—the people always eat it. I buy just enough to insure that my mills have enough stock on hand to keep them going. I never speculate.

This business philosophy has enabled him to build up the huge flour-mills of Ranks, Ltd., which dominate the Thames-side and other chief ports of Britain. Through its $36,475,000 capital he controls all of the important mills of the country apart from those of Spillers, Ltd., and the Cooperative Wholesale Society.

How did he do it? By following, he said, this injunction of Wesley's:

"Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

Education

NEVER TOO OLD: School Never Is Out for Lansing Adults, Eager to Learn

A tall Norwegian-American hunched his big shoulders despondently over his desk in the Lansing, Michigan, Y. M. C. A., as his blue eyes struck these head-lines:

CITY'S ADULT EDUCATION
CLASSES CLOSE; NO MORE
FUNDS AVAILABLE.

And then Trygve ("Try") Narvesen slammed a fist down decisively. Depression or no depression, here was an opportunity he had been dreaming of for

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Start your boy shaving with a Schick Shaver. It will clean off the first tender down and, though he grows up to have the toughest beard, he will always shave quickly and closely.

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There are no blades to buy, to sharpen or replace—no brush, soap, cream, powder or lotions.

The Schick Shaver can be used in total darkness, by invalids in bed, in rough weather at sea and under many conditions that would make it impossible to use a razor.

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Go to an authorized Schick dealer. Ask him to demonstrate the shaver to you and explain why your boy can shave well the first day but it may take you a little longer to get *your* face in condition for a very close and quick shave.

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fifteen years: a chance to start an adults' college similar to one he ran during the World War for interned Germans in Utah.

Thus was launched, in 1933, a novel and wholly democratic American educational project—the People's University of Lansing. It was an overnight success, with hundreds flocking to its classes.

Hobbyists taught their hobbies to others. Teachers, lawyers, machinists, ministers taught their professions. When the public evening schools reopened in 1935 it was apparent that the People's University had won its place as a cultural school.

No B.A.—Last week, tho scores of colleges over the United States were holding graduation exercises, the People's University was enjoying none of its own, awarding no degrees to its 1,871 students.

Explained Founder Narvesen:

"Ours is a continuing process. This is the chief difference from vocational night

Trygve Narvesen . . . a ripe old age is the only diploma at his university

schools. Ours is predominantly cultural—sharing of knowledge which never ends and whose only diploma is death."

Still, like other institutions, the People's University must have some measure of time. Its fourth year began last October 13, and, ostensibly, the term, or commencement, closes that day next autumn.

When it does, it will become of age, so to speak, and mark another success-story of a former immigrant. Son of a coastal-steamer skipper, Narvesen was born in May, 1889, at Christiansand, Norway, where he attended primary and secondary schools. In 1905, he came to America to attend Augsburg College (Minneapolis) because an uncle, Wilhelm Petersen, was professor of history there.

"Y"—He worked as a shipping-clerk, became a "Y" secretary and went to Europe, in 1916, to join the War Prisoners' Aid Office in Copenhagen. Back in the United States when it joined the Allies, he was placed in charge of the International Douglas College which interned Germans attended at Fort Douglas, Utah. In 1919, he returned to "Y" work in Lansing.

The depression clamped down on the regular evening classes in the Michigan Capital and adults began to despair of training. Eager to do something, Narvesen knew business men had little money to spare. He figured they could give their services and space in their office-buildings to carry out his idea.

He went from office to office propounding his scheme. The toughest encounters he had were in the offices of shrewd Ransom E. Olds, founder of the Oldsmobile and Reo motor-car companies; Donald E. Bates, President of Reo Motors; J. W. Wilford, head of the Bank of Lansing, and F. N. Arbaugh, President of the Arbaugh department stores. But—he sold 'em.

Money contributions, permission to use rooms for classes, indorsements and volunteer instructors were offered gladly. Opened, the new college proceeded to expand. To-day, its campus sprawls over the entire city. Its instructors and teachers number seventy-one.

Sites—Classes are held in the red-brick Elks' Club, in the Nurses' Residence of the Sparrow Hospital, in the beautifully-designed People's Church of East Lansing, in the Circuit Court-room of the gray-stone City Hall, in a commercial photographer's studio, in the offices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Directors' room of the American State Savings Bank and in numerous other spots.

Students contribute whatever amount they are able to—fifty cents, $5 or nothing—and the expenses of the institution are met by public contributions. This year's estimated cost: $5,525. The announced policy is "no tuition charge, no registration fee." There is no compulsion to attend classes.

Mostly cultural courses are offered. The few vocational subjects included are, in the words of Mr. Narvesen, "sociological chemistry." The range of study is remarkable. There are, for instance, courses in fine arts, which include gardening, landscaping, photography, sculpture; public speaking, Red Cross braille transcribing, short-story writing and appreciation, creative poetry, economics and political science.

There is a current events forum presenting a weekly town meeting, a citizenship class for Syrians, a stamp club, lectures on history, travel, exploration; a department of psychology teaching personality and personal progress, as well as modern tactics with children; studies in European literature, courses in Greek, Spanish and German.

Religion—Under religion come courses for Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, instruction for church officers, religious educational committee members and church auxiliary members. The music department boasts a conductors' class, group singing and group piano teaching, song interpretation and voice correction.

Red Cross aid and contract bridge are some of the offerings under health and recreation. Astronomy is taught, too; and management and vocational skills. Students, for example, can develop their sales personality, study publicity methods, court-reporting, bookbinding, financial statistics, stock-market science, income-tax report procedure.

Narvesen can reveal some interesting stories about his honor students. There is Samuel Starnaman. A clerk in the Reo Motor Company's purchasing department who wanted to be a steel salesman, he attended the People's University classes every night for three years, took economics, political science, public speaking, salesmanship and aeronautics. With this background, Starnaman was readily selected among nine out of 250 applicants for steel salesman by the Republic Steel Corporation at Cleveland.

Another pupil, not named by Narvesen, was out of a job two years ago, attended the University and is a public-school superintendent in a Michigan city.

Mentor—From his office on the seventeenth floor of the Olds Tower, Lansing's modern Aristotle looks down, not upon a sylvan grove of learning, but upon dozens of clustered buildings and his unseen students. There he keeps tab on the scores of courses, confers with members of the advisory citizens' committee of sixty-two local notables, answers inquiries from China, India and other distant places.

Denying the institution is a "depression school," Narvesen says: "Our plan is very simple: We realize there are hundreds of people to-day with leisure who are eager for self-improvement and directed study.

"We also realize that there are a great many people in our community, as in every community, who are experts in their own jobs; who, as a matter of community service, are willing, under a proper plan, to give some of their time to teaching others what they know. We brought the two groups together—that's all."

Religion

6,000 VOICES: Folk of Three Southern States Mass for Old-Time Hymn Festival

Gnarled back-country farm-tenants, their bonneted women and children with them, flocked into the town of Dothan, Alabama, one day recently and began a great tympanic assault on the skies with old-fashioned hymns.

Six thousand strong, they were members of the Tri-States Singing Convention, from Florida, Alabama and Georgia and it was their annual get-together to test their lungs and ability to remember hundreds of songs.

The songs they sang are heard only in the Southern up-country to-day, have been handed down for the most part from the earliest circuit-riders and camp-meetings. The hill-folk have a peculiar method of rendition, too, for it resembles a weird chant not entirely unrelated to the motif of spirituals.

These singers, some of them illiterate, others well-informed, still prefer to dispense with instrumental accompaniment. A piano, cornet or trombone gives them the pitch.

Trot—A trotting tempo is the favorite one for their songs.

The singers massed on the edge of Dothan last week, facing a rostrum upon which song-leaders, often dozens of them, took turns in setting the first note.

Slowly there welled up from the serious-faced throng a burst of song, a cappella, or after the manner of church music. The notes are hummed, chant-fashion, never sung aloud.

Such a rendition often gives a weird effect. Onlookers last week were surprized how well the singers ran the scales. As widely separated as they live, they showed

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a remarkably uniform knowledge of the complex repertory.

Spiritual—Four of the most popular songs were: "I Feel Like Traveling On," "Jesus, Hold My Hand," "It's An Unfriendly World" and "I'll Meet You in the Morning." Most popular of all was "The Land Where We Will Never Grow Old." Here is a sample verse, which illustrates the spiritual quality of the songs:

I have heard of a land on a far-away strand,
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul.
Built by Jesus on High, there we never shall die,
'Tis a land where we never grow old.

From "Riches in Heaven," another perennial favorite:

I am living daily in the will of Jesus, my Redeemer true,
For I dearly love Him, there is none above Him and I know He loves me, too.
I rejoice to hear Him say, My child, I have a mansion awaiting thee
In the city fair, great riches will be there, Oh, I'm so glad they wait for me.

Some of these hymns are 100 years old. The majority, however, are of recent vintage. Other songs have been handed down in printed form in books, which are published twice a year and circulated widely in the South. "The Land Where We Will Never Grow Old" has been translated into several foreign languages.

Notables—Writer of many of these songs is J. C. Moore, a school-teacher and preacher of Iron City, Georgia, who is President of the organization. Like President Moore, Saxon P. Poyner, Probate Judge of Houston County, Alabama, also is a notable singer.

Some of this year's singers came from Tennessee and the Carolinas. Among them were Adger M. Pace, Editor of the James D. Vaughn Music Company, Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, and J. M. Hinson, of the Morris-Hinson Music Company of Atlanta.

Each State is allowed a vice-president at the convention. For Alabama, this year, J. Hubert Farmer, Circuit Solicitor and former State Senator, held that post. He has written a number of songs and can play anything from piano to saxophone.

At the singing of the last hymn at Dothan, a brief executive conference was held and Bainbridge, Georgia, selected for the 1938 convention city.

As thousands of warblers departed, a news-association riled their good spirits by referring to them in a dispatch as the "Fa-sol-la singers." The nearest to this description is the rival Sacred Heart singing group. The Sacred Heart system of rendition is to sing the first few notes and then go back and sing the words to the song. Ardent Southern song-birds, however, are members of both organizations.

STREAM-LINES: Churches Swing to Modern Publicity, Scrapping "Horse-and-Buggy" Ways

Many an enterprising young minister of the gospel to-day, hearkening to the subtleties of the times, has "stream-lined" his services.

In North Castle, New York, the Rev. David Wesley Soper of the Castle Heights Methodist Episcopal Church last week adopted both the continuous performance idea of the movies and the free bus service of the country school.

There are two "complete" services of worship, the first, an innovation, planned especially for children, with a sermon which consists of a story. Without an interruption, the usual 11 A.M. service for adults then begins. Taking worshipers to and from their homes is done by the voluntary corps of church cabmen, who "make no charges and accept no tips."

Transport—By no means entirely new, free taxi service was begun last year in Amesbury, Massachusetts, by the Rev. Leon A. Dean of the Main Street Congregational Church. It soon stepped up sagging attendance. In Seattle, Dr. E. W. Kenyon, Pastor of the Church of the Open Door, not only takes his parishioners to church by car, but often accompanies them home in order to encourage them to come again.

The First Christian Church of Redondo Beach, California, has a regular Sunday morning service at 9:30, which is followed promptly by a second service and the adult Bible class. Junior members skip the sermon to begin Sunday school, and at 11:15 all are dismissed together.

In near-by Los Angeles, fundamentalist Baptists are preparing plans looking toward the world's first television church.

In the South, the Baptists have added a promotional director to their convention personnel. When Dr. James E. Dillard, the new director, was asked what he would do, he replied: "I shall have to combine the duties of editor, publicity man, radio announcer, preacher and traveling salesman." He has embarked upon a "nine-year plan" of activities.

Feature—The most novel contribution to current practises perhaps is the nursery established by the First Presbyterian Church of Oyster Bay, Long Island. Complete with rattles, volunteer nurses from the parish and pacifiers, it is designed to forestall the stock stay-away-from-church excuse: "But, Doctor, I can't leave the children."

To relieve what he calls the drabness of most Sunday schools, the Rev. Philip C. Jones, Director of Education of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, has recommended new hats for the feminine teachers. Says he: "The bane of most Sunday schools is dulness. More, I think we are dull in our adult worship. The times have changed, but in most churches the services have not changed one word in twenty years."

Bingo, also borrowed from the corner movie, is popular in some churches as a stepper-upper of attendance. There has been an outcry against it, however, and strong-minded church superiors such as the Most Rev. Dr. Edmund F. Gibbons, Roman Catholic Bishop of Albany, have banned it.

Collection—Banning plate-collections is another form of "stream-lining" which has proved popular. The Church of the Saviour, of Syracuse, New York, was one of the first to abolish it as "old-fashioned," popularizing stationary box-offerings.

After running for nine years on free-will offerings, the Methodist Protestant Church of Shickshinny, Pennsylvania, has decided to ban collections at services permanently. Expenses will be paid from funds voluntarily contributed in a "storehouse" built in the rear of the church-house.

At Pomeroy, Iowa, the parsonage of the Rev. E. Schlachtenhaufen, Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, has been air-conditioned, and the church-house may

"Misfit Blades Made My Face And Neck Sore"

— says Detroit Man

Now Uses Only Gillette Blades in His Gillette Razor

"After shaving, my face and neck would be quite irritated. Then I found that the trouble was MISFIT blades. Now since I've been using genuine Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor I get a clean shave and my face and neck don't smart or burn."

S. J. Reardon, 10004 Sussex Ave. Detroit, Mich.

RETURNS TO GILLETTE BLADES

"After using misfit blades in my razor I switched back to Gillette for cool, clean and comfortable shaves. Now I'm a regular user of Gillette Blades. I find them to be the best."

J. Herbert Hyde, Elmwood, Conn.

Thousands Are Switching

to the "All-Gillette" shave

WHEN you use a *misfit* blade in your Gillette Razor there is likely to be too much or too little exposure of shaving edge. The result is a scratchy, painful shave —or a "spotty" shave which leaves unsightly stubble behind. But why risk these discomforts? Play safe by always using a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. Designed and produced by the same engineers, they fit and work as smoothly together as the parts of a fine watch. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today!

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

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Drennan photograph

Rev. Alfred Penney brought his parental congregation around by establishing a nursery to care for children during the Sunday service

be cooled similarly for hot summer Sundays.

To the church the reporters who sit in on Sunday evening sermons always have been important, but the College Street Baptist Church of Toronto probably is the first to think of putting in a regular press-gallery for them. In this "the collection-plate will never be passed."

Music—According to Howard L. Brown, General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Union, churches are changing their music because the young people like more spirited tunes. They prefer, he said, the gospel type of hymn to the sedate religious songs.

Because the holy-water stoop in the narthexes of Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic churches too has often been the scene of obnoxious marine growth, Liverpool's new Roman Catholic cathedral will boast a running faucet.

There is, in fact, a general movement to change the architecture of modern churches. Almost all Protestant denominations favor installation of the so-called churchly type of chancel in place of the former pulpit-platforms. The general tendency is away from ugliness and plainness, with the accent on carved wood, colorful fabrics, altars with fittings and new organs. Lighting is designed as a positive aid to worship.

One of the chief innovators of promotional ideas is the Rev. Charles F. Reisner, of the famed Broadway Temple, of New York. To illustrate the faults of the mechanistic attitude as compared to the spiritualistic, he often employs a human robot (see cut) in preaching.

Once he instituted a "snow service" in July. Another time, he piled cracked ice about his pulpit and had attractive young women serve ginger ale during the services.

Changes—Willard S. Smith, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, for years has practised magic, believes it a great help to the ministry. In the South, another Baptist minister announced a "Boy and Dog" service, to which each boy brought his dog. And a Midwestern Methodist minister filled his church with a sermon on the Bread of Life, at which free loaves were given away. Recently, an Oak Park (Chicago) pastor asked a Communist to speak.

In Denver, attendance at evening services became very slim at the Merritt Memorial Methodist Church. The worried pastor hit upon the idea of holding boxing-bouts in the basement in a regulation ring every fortnight after meetings. Another Denver church held a series of services for the building trades, with the choirmen dressed in white overalls. The church was decorated to resemble a carpenter shop, the sermon based on Jesus, the Carpenter.

In New York, the Rev. Emmet Fox, speaking before the Church of the Healing Christ, said: "You must conduct the affairs of your soul in a businesslike way." Equally practical, the Church of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie conducts a "Body and Soul Clinic." It recently celebrated its fifteenth anniversary. One of its eulogists said he once had "over 1,000 phobias."

England probably has made the greatest advance in the use of the film to bolster church attendance. Active in this work has been the Wesleyan (Methodist) Church. Grimsby's new Methodist Central Hall, built by J. Arthur Rank (see page 24), boasts a hall seating 1,000 as comfortably as a supercinema with a projection-room at the back for films.

It is estimated that projectors have been installed in more than 200 churches. Backing much of this activity is the Cinema Christian Council, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is President. Last week, the Rev. Brian Hessian, Vicar of a London Anglican church, used "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" for his text.

"Cinema equipment will be as essential a part of church architecture in the future as the organ to-day," says Dr. Benjamin Gregory, Editor of *The Methodist Times*.

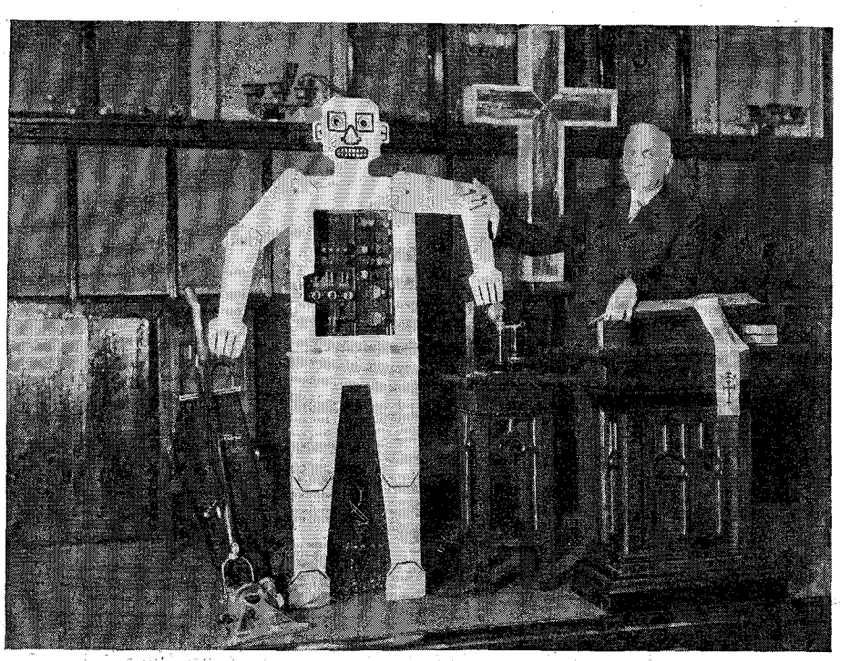
England also is experimenting with new church music. A project of the British Broadcasting Company, it is designed to introduce music composed since the War to choirs of average capacity.

Sharing Doctor Gregory's sentiments, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry Wise Hobson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Southern Ohio, says:

"The equipment of the future clergyman will include sound-motion-picture machines and television apparatus, as well as Bibles and hymnals. The church already is arranging for production of pictures for smaller churches and missionary areas."

Most ministers agree that the old-time ballyhoo stunts are of the past. According to William H. Leach, Editor of *Church Management*, the building of congregations seems to require the constant, careful, detailed attention found in the technique of pledged attendance, parish organization and special groups.

Pointing out that the delinquent congregation of generations ago was brought back by the old-time revivals, he sees the church-attendance problem now requiring almost scientific knowledge. One delusion underlined in the depression, he remarks, is that the nation rushes to its churches in time of social catastrophe.



Rev. Christian Reisner . . . concrete illustrations to his forceful sermons help drive a point home . . . robot shows the faults of a mechanistic attitude

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Wings

BERMUDA FLIGHT AND THINGS TO COME

Trip to Islands Foretaste of Four-Cornered Atlantic Race

Making the 1,600-mile round-trip flight to Bermuda last week on Pan American Airways' *Bermuda Clipper*, THE LITERARY DIGEST's Wings Editor saw dead ahead a tiny dotting of islands 773 miles from New York. Capt. R. O. D. Sullivan, *Clipper* skipper, had hit it "on the nose."

En route, THE DIGEST Editor enjoyed the strange spectacle of twenty-five air-minded news-writers looking like wild-eyed boys invited to fly with "The Lone Eagle." The most traveled reporter boasted he never had viewed scenery comparable to Bermuda from the air; the stoutest epicure never had lunched in such luxury.

Features—High points of the start of a trip which the voyagers proclaimed a foretaste of "Things to Come":

Going up the gang-plank of the big Bermuda Clipper *and catching a first glimpse of the interior, smart as that of the latest stream-lined train.*

Taking a seat to stare through a port-hole at the rain-swept Port Washington, Long Island, harbor.

The roar of the motors cut off as the sound-proofed hull was sealed for the take-off.

The water rushing past as the ship gained momentum down the forbidding bay; then the water dropping gently away.

Aloft, the passengers, staring down at Long Island, watched neat green patches of North Shore estates slip under them, looked ahead into the gray out over the Atlantic.

How—Immediately, groups formed around the experts explaining how it was possible to hit tiny islands hundreds of miles away. This trip was possible, as is the regular semiweekly service scheduled between New York and Bermuda, Sherman Altick, New York *Sun* Aviation Editor, explained, because of Pan American's highly developed radio system.

Two complete sending and receiving sets on different wave-lengths have a 3,600-mile range. Either of them may be attached to Pan American's direction-finder unit which can be set on any commercial radio station.

Facts—Roving about freely, then inspecting the three eight-passenger cabins strung along the fifty-foot companionway of the ship, the curious learned these facts about the *Clipper:* Sikorsky-built at Bridgeport, Connecticut, her wings span 182 feet; she is sixty-eight feet long; her 40,500 pounds would balance four top-sized elephants; she is as steady under foot as a Staten Island ferry-boat. The four Pratt & Whitney motors, droning lazily on the wings outside, develop the 3,000 horse-power of an average locomotive.

Less than an hour after the take-off, but already more than 100 miles at sea, the *Bermuda Clipper* swooped through the "soupy" atmosphere into sunshine and fleecy white clouds. Below, the sparkling water looked as smooth as a mill-pond, actually was running forty-foot waves.

Eight thousand feet aloft seemed the most comfortable position as the steward thought about serving the six-course lunch.

Cruising along at 160 miles an hour, writers settled back for bridge and poker, read a greeting from the British Imperial Airways' *Cavalier,* passing them with British newspaper men heading for New York on the same route.

Compensation for failure to see the *Cavalier* a mile below in a bank of clouds was the skipper's order to fly the *Clipper* around the 350 green isles of Bermuda before landing in Hamilton harbor. Those who never had seen Bermuda's turquoise-blue waters, the coral beaches, the white roofs designed to catch rain-water (the islands have no springs or fresh-water streams) maintained that the ten-minute swing was worth the $100 cost of the flight for future paying passengers.

On the following day's return flight, newsmen recalled that only seven years ago a flier took off for Bermuda from New York, landed in Charleston, South Carolina. That America's *Bermuda Clipper* and Britain's *Cavalier,* in test-flights, were hitting their destinations exactly, indicated flying progress, pointed up rumors of transatlantic service expanding from the semiweekly schedule between New York and Bermuda.

Forecasts—By the end of the summer, it was predicted, the leg between Bermuda and the Azores should be established. Regular service to Europe should come the following year.

Thus, with Imperial Airways collaborating with PAA on the New York-Bermuda service, precedents are being set for international cooperation in bridging that last gap of round-the-world-by-air service—the tough Atlantic. Active, too, are the British with their Empire flying-boats, twenty miles an hour faster than the roomier *Clippers.*

Race—In friendly rivalry, Pan American, trying to steal a march, has ordered six bigger flying-boats from Boeing. Nearly 100,000 pounds in weight, they probably will cruise at 200 miles an hour, checkmate Imperial Airways' plans for ships to weigh 120,000 pounds and cruise at the same speed.

French effort to get into the picture will be a merged attempt of Air France and the French steamship company, Compagnie Generale Transatlantique. Consolidation of interests between an aircraft company and a steamship line is a logical step, in the opinion of Maj. Alford J. Williams, U.S.M.C. (Reserve). Already, the Short Brothers Company, building the Imperial Airways boats, is an affiliate of a great British shipbuilding firm.

Much in evidence with their new, four-motored Diesel monoplanes, the Germans are shooting mail-planes across the South Atlantic. Lacking space for passengers, the Germans are sticking to their scheme of stationing at designated positions depot-ships equipped with fuel-supplies and catapults.

American, German, French and British! The four-cornered race for transatlantic supremacy in the air is on!

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"With the Savings I Am Experiencing, My Dodge Will Cost Me Less Than the Small Car I Originally Thought of Buying," says Miss Emelie Gingell, Sunnyside, N. Y.

"THE way Dodge saves on gasoline, oil, tires and general upkeep has amazed me," continues Miss Gingell. "I never owned such an economical car!"... and there are literally thousands the country over who are making the same discovery Miss Gingell has made. In fact, more than 140,000 people have *switched from other cars to Dodge* in the past year. And these are in addition to the thousands of Dodge enthusiasts who regularly repurchase and say they would have no other car but Dodge!

See and drive this new Dodge today! And remember, Dodge now delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

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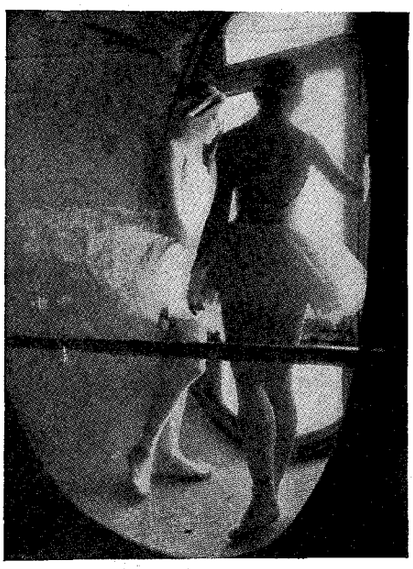


Ballet interlude

Photography

LENS TOUR: Cameras Click Round World, Snapping Everything From Eskimos to Frenchmen

As the click of candid cameras is heard the country over, books of and on photographs are booming. Latest and one of the most notable is edited by a magazine-production manager, Heyworth Campbell.

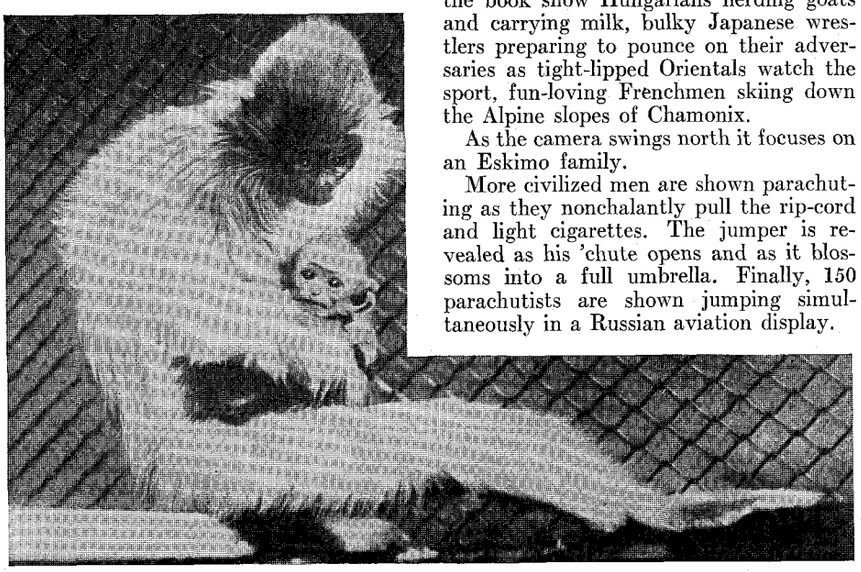
Preliminary tribute is paid in Campbell's "Camera Around the World" (New York: Robert McBride; $3) to the centenary of the birth of photography on the silvered plates of Louis J. M. Daguerre. Upon painstaking modern physicists and chemists who have advanced the science of picture-snapping, he heaps praise.

Some high lights of this photographic tour around the globe are shown on this page. Other interesting shots embodied in the book show Hungarians herding goats and carrying milk, bulky Japanese wrestlers preparing to pounce on their adversaries as tight-lipped Orientals watch the sport, fun-loving Frenchmen skiing down the Alpine slopes of Chamonix.

As the camera swings north it focuses on an Eskimo family.

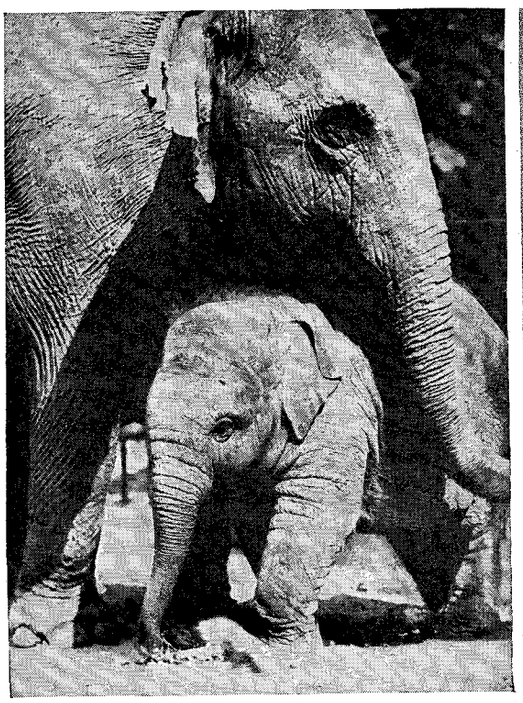
More civilized men are shown parachuting as they nonchalantly pull the rip-cord and light cigarettes. The jumper is revealed as his 'chute opens and as it blossoms into a full umbrella. Finally, 150 parachutists are shown jumping simultaneously in a Russian aviation display.

Shrewd old Abdul . . .



Lemur mother and offspring . . . zoo blues!

strikes a bargain



Small family on a large scale

Feathery friendship

Photos from "Camera Around the World"

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Parade

Transcontinental taxis are popular for summer travel. **Mr. and Mrs. Francis Smith** of Watford, England, hailed a taxicab in Washington, D. C., ending up by taking a trip to Montreal. And Mrs. **Emily Curtis Fisher,** seventy-six-year-old retired normal-school instructor of Norwood, Massachusetts, embarked on a 7,000-mile taxi-ride to Mexico City and return. Mrs. Fisher is a veteran of such jaunting, for, last year, she hired a taxicab for a vacation trip to Chicago and return.

* * *

For uttering profane language, **Chief,** Denver parrot, landed in police court. His owner, Mrs. May Harris, was not surprized, for, during warm weather, the bird was unusually active at hurling verbal imprecations at passers-by. Mrs. Harris said she had papers to show Chief was 210, has resided and sworn in Denver for seventy-five years. She added that the only way she had tried to cut the swearing was to teach Chief hymns. Police Judge James N. Sabin dismissed the case, suggesting that an occasional hymn should compensate for uproarious, indelicate lapses.

* * *

"S" and "F" are the weakest sounds in the English language, believes Dr. **Owen Perrine,** sound-wave expert. "The ears are least sensitive to these sounds and they carry the poorest," he declares. According to Doctor Perrine's findings, ordinary voice-waves travel about 1,000 feet a second in the open; sound-waves about 4,000 a second in water; 30,000 feet a second in glass, between 30,000 and 35,000 miles a second on telephone wires and about 186,000 miles a second in radiobroadcasts.

* * *

"I've learned that health, at my age, depends upon eating lightly and abstaining from rich foods," declared **Samuel Untermeyer,** lawyer, on his seventy-ninth birthday. "I exercise very little and, then, only by walking. I feel better to-day than I did ten years ago. . . . I hope to retain my mental powers for another ten years, but I am afraid that after eighty-nine, it is rare for a man to do so."

* * *

The **hobo Jungle** of Winnipeg, Manitoba, boasts its own casino where a visitor may wager anything from last winter's overcoat to a greenback. Crown & Anchor games get the best play, while more than a score of poker games are in progress all day long. The games are operated by a clique of hobos who maintain the play is on the level. The jungle is raided periodically, but an hour later the games are in full sway again.

* * *

Gloria Swanson maintains that outsiders in Hollywood talk more "shop" than do workers in the movies. Says she: "You'll go to a dinner where you know there'll be such important guests as Bernard Shaw, or H. G. Wells or Professor Einstein. You'll be thrilled to think you'll hear the great Einstein on his own theory, or Shaw or Wells tell something about social betterment. But what happens? They want to know all about the movies!"

* * *

"My retreat to these mountains has not caused me to give up my fight to reform the world's way of living," stated **Bouck White,** sixty-two, radical of two decades back. Near Vorheesville, New York, he was recently discovered after having disappeared for fifteen years. Making pottery, he earns $300 a year with two Swedish helpers. "I feel compassionately sorry for capitalists," he added, "for they are in a state of bewilderment. They are in a more teachable mood than ever before. And Mr. Roosevelt—he is not a sound or deep thinker. He thinks salvation will come to the world from the Potomac River and thereby his thinking is shallow."

* * *

Charles de Fontnouvelle, French Consul-General, officially invited the famous dancing unit, the **Rockettes,** to represent the United States at the International Dance Festival at the Paris Exposition. On July 2, the forty-six American-born dancers of Radio City's Music Hall will present four of their best-known numbers in the 10,000-seat Grand Palais. During the 5,000-mile trip, they will be guests of the French Government.

Ruth Bannan and Virginia Vollmer . . . off to Paris with the Rockettes to dance at World's Fair

A second **Peace Ship** to end the Spanish civil war was suggested last week by Mme. **Rosika Schwimmer,** whose ideas are said to have inspired Henry Ford's expedition during the World War. "All it would need," she explained, "is some far-sighted, imaginative person with money to back it. People ridiculed the original *Peace Ship* when she sailed, but historians now—if you read them—admit that she might have brought the War to a quick end had public and press cooperated."

* * *

"Fiction is terribly difficult," sighed **Alice Duer Miller,** novelist, "because one never knows whether an idea is going to arrive out of the blue—or not. All the writers I know live in perpetual terror lest they never have another idea—all except Nöel Coward. I must admit that I never saw any signs of terror in him—nor any dearth of ideas."

* * *

Watches would run a lot better if women repaired them, believes **Gizella Pearl,** twenty-four, Brooklyn watchmaker. "Women can be much better watchmakers than men, provided they are good mechanics," she says. "They have more patience." When it comes to business, however, Miss Pearl prefers to deal with men, saying: "Women are suspicious. They think I can't do a good job, but women aren't so particular about whether their watches run or not, just the same. A woman doesn't care as long as the watch is good looking."

* * *

"I've landed in some queer places," remarked **Faye Lucille Cox,** twenty-eight, parachute-jumper. "On tops of buildings, in water and between high-tension electric wires. Once I landed astride a cow and another time the pistol-like report of my 'chute opening just above his head frightened a horse so much he ran until he burst a blood-vessel." Mrs. Cox has made 319 jumps.

Press

SHIP-NEWS: Reporters Still Cover the Water-Front, But Personal Touch Has Gone

One day last week, thirty-nine passenger-ships were announced to arrive in New York's harbor.

From the Barge Office, two cutters were readied to take the press-writers and photographers down seven miles of bay to meet the pretty girls and famous personalities on the more important incoming liners.

The Ship-News Reporters' Association office in the Barge Building at the Battery became a riot of jangling telephones from newspaper city editors who wanted to know where the ships, incoming celebrities and their reporters might be in all the confusion.

Heading the delegation was T. Walter ("Skipper") Williams, of the New York *Times,* dean of Gotham's water-front corps of reporters. A native of England, now in his sixties, "Skipper" has finished his thirty-second year of active service. He says he's seen them all come and go, but that covering ships isn't what it used to be.

Plaint—"The personal touch is gone," he laments.

Once upon a time, tugboats would put out from the New Jersey coast. They would approach incoming vessels and have dispatches thrown down. These, in turn, would be telegraphed from the Jersey coast.

"But with the radio, newsreels and cables—the news is old before we even get to it," Williams said. "The real old-time ship-news reporting went out when Marconi came in."

The "Skipper" plunged into work as soon as he returned from (his 104th crossing) the Coronation and the opening of the Exposition in Paris. Emphatically he denied the statement that he disapproved of Miss Dixie Tighe of the New York *Post,* first and only woman ever to cover ships in New York. He says he merely is fearful that women will get hurt clambering up the sides of ships.

Since Max Miller wrote "I Cover the Waterfront" several years ago, editors, publishers and readers have been watching

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PIMPLES
Itching and burning of pimples, rashes, eczema, relieved by CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

the ship-newsmen. John McClain, brought over to the New York *American* from *The Sun*, is viewed by many as the most promising of the younger men. Writing on a diversity of subjects, including a number of colorful interviews, McClain also contributes to several national magazines.

Author—As for Max Miller, after covering ships for eight years in San Diego, he turned his material into a series of autobiographies and has made a handsome living as well from the films. He lives in La Jolla, California, where he has a house on a high cliff overlooking the Pacific.

Now covering the San Diego water-front are Gerald F. ("Jerry") MacMullen of *The Union*, Harold Osborne of *The Tribune* and Harold Keene of *The Sun*.

Once called "the only gentleman reporter in San Diego" by competitor Miller, MacMullen is the son of the late James MacMullen, long-time Managing Editor of *The Union* and *The Tribune*. Reputedly wealthy and working only for the fun of it, he was born in Coronado, grew up in a newsroom and yachting atmosphere. Tall, slender, carefully dressed, he became an ardent yachtsman early in life.

MacMullen has made an exhaustive study of old-time sailing vessels and reportedly knows the captain and history of almost every ship plying the Pacific regularly.

Harold Keene, specializing in the port's Navy news, has the reputation of being the only ship-news reporter in the memory of working newspaper men never to smoke or drink on the job. He's the youngest water-front reporter in San Diego, but *The Sun* regards him as an ace.

Legends—San Francisco abounds in stories about its water-front reporters. In the old days before cable or telegraph, every ship was met for news from Alaska, Hawaii, the South Seas or the whaling and cannery fleets. E. D. Coblentz, now Editor of the New York *American*, recalls a week when Jack London covered the bay with him. London handled the boat himself, was highly enthusiastic about getting colorful yarns from sailors on incoming ships.

Another veteran San Francisco ship-news reporter is Harold Ross, Editor of *The New Yorker*. But around the Ferry Building they say that Ross's imagination, rather than ships, produced some of the most cock-eyed yarns ever to see print.

Jack Densham, sixty, Marine Editor of *The Chronicle* and a columnist, is the dean of San Francisco's ship-newsmen. He is said to know more shipping lore than any other man on the Pacific Coast. Since 1910, he has been writing chatty water-front gossip plus occasional tales of the sea and its personalities. Tall, slim, with close-cropped gray hair, he is a native of England, still speaking with a marked accent.

Densham says that some day he may write a book about his travels, but that he has an inferiority complex about publishers and is lazy and independent.

Felix Riesenberg, Jr., twenty-four-year-old son of the author of sea stories, is Marine Editor of the San Francisco *News*.

Old-Timer—Rutherford Hayes Calkins of the Seattle *Times* believes he is the oldest Marine Editor in point of service on the Pacific Coast, with twenty-eight years of his sixty spent writing about ships. Harold E. Jamison of the Seattle *Star* lives on a house-boat, sails his own yawl and has cruised extensively in Alaskan waters. He writes color stuff and does not try to cover the water-front as a beat.

Pictures, Inc.

Ship-news reporters "cover the water-front" to scoop news of arrivals such as the Archer twins

Larry Guerin of *The Item-Tribune* and James Gillis of *The Times-Picayune* are great rivals in covering the nineteen miles of New Orleans's water-front. Son of a well-to-do sugar planter, Gillis has had several national scoops, including the burning of the tanker *Rawley Warner* at Goodhope and the return of part of Admiral Byrd's crew from Little America on a United Fruit boat.

One of the most famous New Orleans ship-reporters is Edward T. Waldo of the United Press. He is remembered for having stood on the deck of a burning gasoline-tanker with photographer William McClymont during a series of explosions. Speaking French and Spanish, Waldo is known by foreign captains and seamen because he speaks their "lingo."

Hub—The two most prominent Boston ship-newsmen are Leon Vose Stone of *The Christian Science Monitor* and Thomas Frank Kinsella of *The Post*. Stone was born in 1891, has covered ships for *The Monitor* since 1910, two years after the paper was started. Known as "Early Bird," he never has missed a day's work. Meeting incoming liners and freighters, he smokes a pipe almost continuously, carries a brown leather handbag.

Kinsella writes *The Post's* daily "Along the Water-Front" under the name of "Landsman."

George Story ("Pop") Hudson, now retired, was a well-known ship-news reporter for the Boston *Herald*. Before the days of radio, telephone and telegraph, Hudson owned a sailboat and at one time used to sail out to vessels passing through Vineyard Sound.

The Baltimore papers used to have their own boats. They raced around the harbor at six knots picking up news and gossip of the shipping industry. The ship-news reporters were the "skippers" of their craft and "Admiral" Edward Duffy of *The Sun* was "Commodore" of the fleet.

Changes—Nowadays, the Maritime Exchange, a bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, supplies the "spot" news and the Baltimore papers infrequently use more

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than this. The Maritime Exchange maintains an observer at the Virginia Capes, 150 miles (from twelve to fifteen hours) below Baltimore. There is another observer half-way up Chesapeake Bay at Cove Point, another at North Point, entrance to the Patapsco River, about an hour from the harbor. These observers at all times are within telegraphic touch of the exchange in Baltimore.

William B. Crane writes features while covering the harbor for *The Evening Sun*. He likes to tell stories such as that of the third mate whose parrot talks only the language of the African pigmies, or of the second engineer who couldn't get along with Frank Buck's animals on the last trip.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

extrinsic, intrinsic.—"E. M. M.," Bell, Calif.—*Intrinsic value* deals with actual physical worth, utterly dissociated from sentimental value. The *extrinsic value* takes into consideration the sentimental value. Thus, in an exaggerated case, the *intrinsic value* of an early American chest of drawers would be the value of the lumber and the labor and skill in its assembly. The *extrinsic value* would be based entirely upon the antiquity or rarity of the article. The *intrinsic value* of a silver coin is the actual worth of its silver content; the *extrinsic value* is determined by its purchasing power.

Japan (first Englishman to enter).—"N. M.," Jersey City, N. J.—The English navigator, *William Adams*, was the first Englishman to enter the country, where he lived from 1600 until his death in 1620

job.—"S. C. R. P.," New York City.—The noun *job*, in the sense applied, has a respectable ancestry, for it dates back to 1627. The meaning is: "A piece of work, often a particular or special part of a more extensive work; something to be done as a whole." In this sense the word has been used by Middleton (1627); Bailey (1721); Swift (1726); Bloomfield (1798); Beresford (1806-7); Harriet Martineau (1833), and Macdonald (1866).

lumbar regions.—"J. G.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The *right and left lumbar regions* are those portions of the human abdomen on the right and left sides respectively above the loin.

Potter's Field, origin of.—"E. B.," Oyster Bay, N. Y.—This expression originated in the Bible. According to *Matthew* xxvii: 3-10, Judas, overcome by remorse after his betrayal of Jesus, returned the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and went and hanged himself. Because it was the price of blood, the priests could not restore the money to the treasury, and with it bought "the potter's field to bury strangers in."

Sports

"THE CHAMPIONSHIP, IT IS A JOKE"

So Grumbles Schmeling as Braddock and Joe Louis Square Off

James Joseph Braddock will retain his world's heavy-weight boxing championship by knocking out Joe Louis, Negro challenger, in the eighth round at Chicago's Comiskey Park on the night of June 22.

Thus genial Champion Braddock, celebrating a thirty-first birthday-off from training, last week microphoned the crowd at Chicago's Washington Park race-track an inside tip on next Tuesday's "Battle of the Century."

Earlier, Tipster Braddock tipped himself to two of the afternoon's eight winning horses: North Blaze, paying $26.60 on a $2 wager, in the second race; and Infantry, a $3.80 investment, in the fifth.

That Champion Braddock's record as a tipster will weather Tuesday's test seems, to most fans, a bad bet. Advance odds as short as two to seven favor the dusky Louis to cop the title he has been stalking since 1935.

Hedge—But experts, remembering that ex-stevedore Braddock was a ten-to-one long shot when he won the championship from frolicking Max Baer two years ago, that ex-cotton-picker Louis was a name-your-own-odds favorite when the stolid Max Schmeling knocked him out last June, preferred to hedge on predictions. Instead, they concentrated on circumstances which make the fight novel in boxing's berserk history.

First hint that heavy-weight boxing's tentacles were about to become mired in a slough of legal controversies and informal free-for-alls came on June 19, last year. Rated a comparative has-been, thirty-year-old Schmeling flattened the sensational, twenty-two-year-old Louis in the twelfth round, thereby won himself the right to fight Braddock for the championship.

Schmeling and Braddock were scheduled to fight for the championship in September. The month before, Braddock developed arthritis in his left hand. The bout was postponed until June 3 of this year.

Healing—By midwinter medical treatment had cured Braddock's arthritis. In its place he developed acute consciousness that the Schmeling fight would be a financial flop, mainly because of a threatened anti-Nazi boycott against the German.

In January, Chicago promoters telephoned Braddock a $500,000 guaranty if he would fight Louis on June 22. Braddock and his manager, Joe Gould, promptly accepted, thereby repudiating their previous contract with Schmeling.

No less aroused than Schmeling by the contract-breaking was Madison Square Garden, in whose Long Island City Bowl the champion's first defense of the title was to have taken place. Frantically, the Garden appealed for a court injunction to prevent the Braddock-Louis fight in Chicago.

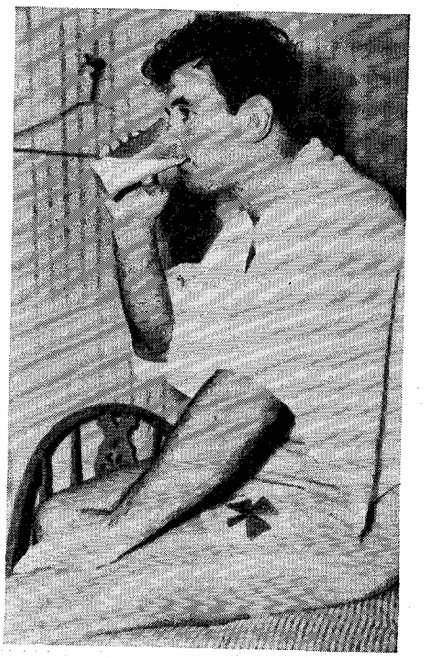
Last month, while Braddock and Louis were unconcernedly training to fight each other, and Schmeling was training supposedly to fight Braddock, Federal Judge Guy L. Fake of New Jersey refused an injunction. Promptly, the Garden appealed the case.

Fulfilling all requirements under terms of his original contract, logical-challenger Schmeling spent a month in training-camp at Speculator, New York. On June 3 he appeared promptly at the offices of the New York State Athletic Commission, weighed in at 196 pounds and was declared in perfect physical condition for the "fight."

Hopes—Schmeling fully realized that Braddock had no intention of going through with the first contract. He was hopeful, however, that Commissioners Bill Brown,

Wide World

Fried chicken for Challenger Louis's punch . . .



© International

. . . A glass of milk for Champ Braddock's stamina

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D. Walker Wear and John J. Phelan would punish Braddock by divesting him of the title and declaring Schmeling the No. 1 challenger.

Instead, the three-man Commission merely suspended Braddock (which prohibits him from fighting in New York State) and Manager Gould and fined each $1,000. To Schmeling, the Commissioners awarded half the $5,000 forfeit-money posted last December by Braddock.

Stormed Schmeling, who claims he spent $25,000 in training and in shuttling between Berlin and New York while squabbles over the now-famous "fantom fight" were going on:

"The whole decision is a joke. The championship, it is a joke. . . .

"Maybe I am the challenger by some accident, maybe. Louis will be your champion June 22 and I knocked Louis out. Can you figure that?"

Suspension by the New York State Athletic Commission is no mystery to Schmeling. In 1929 he was a leading challenger for Jack Sharkey's title, but refused to go through with a proposed final-elimination bout with England's "Falling Phil" Scott. The Commissioners (James A. Farley, the late William J. Muldoon and the present Chairman, General Phelan), suspended Schmeling. He sailed for Germany.

Reinstated a few months later, Schmeling fought Sharkey in June, 1930, won the championship on a foul.

O.K. & K.O.—In January, 1931, for refusing to give Sharkey a return match the following June, the German was again suspended and his title taken from him. In July, two days after the Commission handed the title back to Sharkey, Schmeling scored a technical knock-out over the late William ("Young") Stribling in Cleveland, earned $106,138.36 for his share in a fight which reputedly lost its promoters $50,000.

Reinstated once more, Schmeling fought Sharkey in June, 1932, and was defeated on a decision. Sharkey consequently had a clear claim to the title, subsequently lost it to mammoth Primo Carnera.

Unworried by his own suspension, current Champion Braddock last week wound up training at Grand Beach, Michigan, proclaimed himself to be in "100 per cent. better shape now than when I beat Max Baer two years ago."

Strongest arguments of those who maintain Braddock will not retain his title against the thick-lipped young "Brown Bomber" are the champion's two-year absence from the ring and his eight-year handicap in age. Strongest counter-arguments: Braddock's ring-craft, and the fact that Schmeling was only three months younger when he knocked out Louis last June.

Smash—Equally unworried by the New York State suspension which automatically includes him the moment he steps into the ring with Braddock at the White Sox baseball park, Louis polished off final work-outs at his Kenosha, Wisconsin, camp.

Critics observed he still is vulnerable to right-hand punches, the blows with which Schmeling stopped him, but that he also has retained the power to hit fast and hard.

Major fear among Louis rooters is that suddenly acquired wealth and easy living have increased the "Bomber's" inherent laziness, softened the vaunted steel in the "Tan Thunderbolt's" fists.

"Never one to enjoy the rigors of training," commented *The Morning Telegraph's* Art Lea Mond last week, "the 'Bomber' has been pushed hard and long by Trainer Jack Blackburn, so that he'll go into that Comiskey Park ring awfully keen for victory—or as logy as he happened to be one night last summer when Schmeling made a punching-bag out of 'the world's greatest heavy-weight.'"

Shrewder than either of the principals in a fight which will enrich Braddock by approximately $500,000, Louis by $200,000, is Mike Jacobs, New York promoter. Jacobs has both men under contract to his Twentieth Century Sporting Club, the Garden's major rival, and is copromoter of the Chicago fight.

Sounding out Schmeling in New York shortly before the German sailed homeward for the sixth time in a year and a half, Jacobs made preliminary arrangements for a championship, Twentieth Century-promoted bout between him and the winner of the Braddock-Louis fight.

Responding favorably, Schmeling said he would demand 30 per cent. of the gate-receipts instead of the challenger's customary 12½, and added that he would not consider fighting later than September of this year.

PEWTER MUG: It's as Precious as Gold Medals to Poughkeepsie Regatta Winners

For approximately fifty minutes next Tuesday afternoon the eyes of some 50,000 Americans will be riveted on the robot-like movements of 128 anonymous college boys in sixteen boats as similar to one another as centipeds.

To provide the less-than-one-hour entertainment which comprises the actual running-time of Poughkeepsie's famed regatta, each unidentified athlete has put in at least nine months of sweatful, muscle-aching practise—strict, monotonous training. Many of the collegians have worked four years for the privilege of wearying themselves on New York's Hudson River.

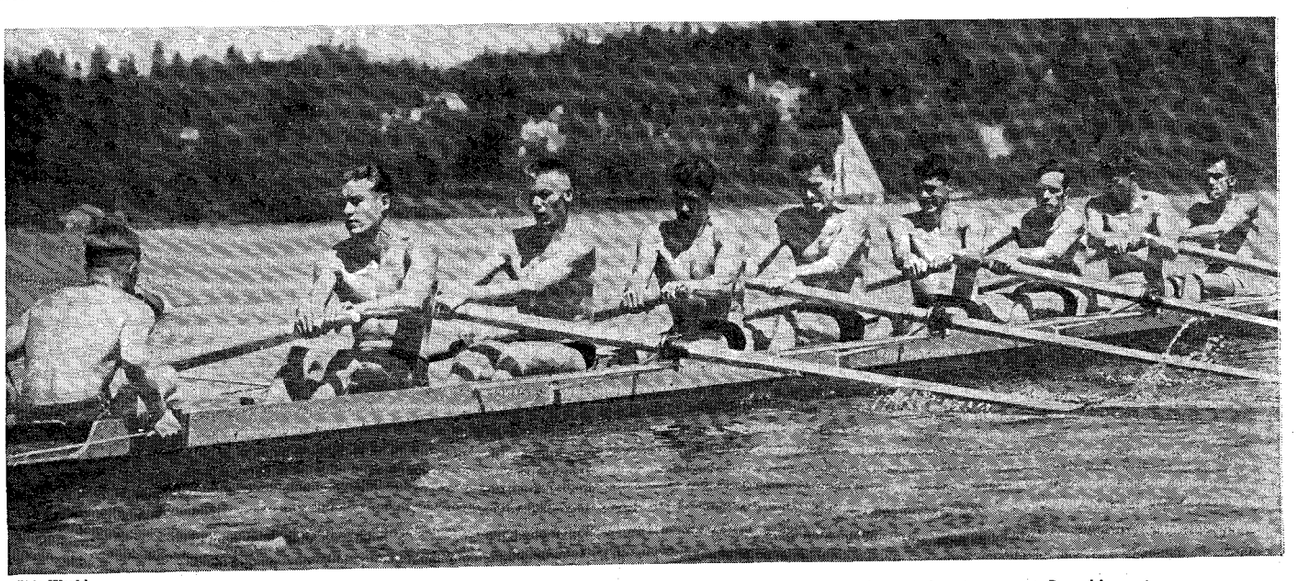
Oarsmen submit to greater physical punishment and receive less personal recognition than athletes in any other college sport. Why they do it, probably every one of the 128 participants, but not more than 100 spectators, can answer.

Rival—For freshman, junior varsity and varsity rowers in all but a handful of American rowing colleges, the tiny pewter mug each member of a winning shell at Poughkeepsie receives is as valuable as an Olympic medal. Only other American rowing event comparable in importance and prestige is the annual Harvard-Yale regatta, to be held this year on the Thames River at New London, Connecticut, on Friday, June 25. Like Princeton, Yale never has entered the Poughkeepsie races. Harvard boats once competed.

Not so old as the rivalry between Yale and Harvard, which first rowed together in 1859, the Poughkeepsie regatta started in 1895 and has been held every year except 1917, '18, '19, '33. Since 1925, the varsity distance has been fixed at four miles. Jayvees row three miles, freshmen two.

Even on comparatively smooth water, four miles is a grinding, wearisome pull for athletes of college age. In rough water, the going is doubly tough. In the 1929 Poughkeepsie varsity race, five of the nine boats were swamped by the choppy whitecaps.

Absent from the Hudson regatta this year for the first time in its history, is the



Wide World

Cofavored with Navy . . . Washington's Olympic champions pull in hope of a second straight victory at Poughkeepsie

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University of Pennsylvania, whose place has been taken by Wisconsin. Unless the varsity distance is reduced to three miles or less, Pennsylvania's absence may be permanent.

Back in the races after a six-year lapse, Wisconsin is not regarded as a serious threat to the varsity boats of Washington and Navy, cofavorites. One of the oldest Poughkeepsie participants, Wisconsin has sent boats to twenty-one regattas, never has placed first in the varsity race.

Best of the Badgers' entrants was the famed "berry crate" crew of 1899. Well out in front with Pennsylvania in the closing stages of the race, the Wisconsin shell suddenly veered off the course, detoured around several yachts and rowboats, eventually crossed the finish line half a length behind the winner. Coxswain's explanation: He had spotted a berry crate in the path of the fragile shell, had steered out of its way and had been unable to get back on the course.

Instrumental in bringing Wisconsin back to the races is Harry A. Stuhldreher, famous in football circles as a member of Knute Rockne's celebrated "Four Horsemen of Notre Dame" back-field. Stuhldreher is Director of Athletics at Wisconsin.

Westerners—Before 1912, the Poughkeepsie regatta was almost exclusively an Eastern affair. Since 1912, when Stanford shipped boats East from the West Coast and finished last in the varsity race, Western crews gradually have built up a formidable monopoly on the Hudson.

Of the last sixteen races, California and Washington have won four each. Navy, which can not be considered an Eastern school since midshipmen represent every State, also has copped four varsity races. Of the Eastern colleges, Columbia has won twice, Syracuse and Cornell once.

Last June, Washington swept the Hudson, winning all three races, the jayvees for the second time in a row, the freshmen for the fifth. In August, the victorious varsity shell won the world's championship in the Olympic Games.

Its Olympic crew intact save for Bob Moch, coxswain, Washington's varsity this year has a strong chance to increase West Coast domination at Poughkeepsie even further. In their only other race this spring, the Huskies beat California by three and a half lengths. Jayvee and freshman triumphs over California made it a sweep for the second straight year.

Husky—Washington's world championship oarsmen are rangy, towering athletes. Their average weight is 180 pounds and their average height is six feet three inches. Tallest man in the boat is 191-pound Capt. Jim McMillin, the No. 5 oar, who stands six feet five. Smallest is 173-pound Don Hume, the stroke, who is six feet two.

Coach of the Washington crews for the past ten years, Alvin Martin Ulbrickson, at thirty-four, is one of the youngest men in the business. As an undergraduate, he stroked the varsity shell to victories at Poughkeepsie in 1924 and 1926, to second place in 1925.

Since 1927, when Ulbrickson took over the head coaching job from Rusty Callow, present coach at Pennsylvania, Washington varsity boats have taken one first, four seconds, two thirds and one sixth in their eight appearances at Poughkeepsie. Against California, Washington's only Coast rival, his varsity and jayvee shells each have won eight of their ten races.

For her three Poughkeepsie entries this year, Washington has brought four of the famous eight-oared Pocock shells built on the Seattle campus and one four-oared practise-boat. Total cost of the trip East is around $12,000. California will spend about $9,000 on expenses for her varsity and freshman rowers.

Menace—Major threat to Washington this year is the undefeated varsity boat representing the Naval Academy. Navy drew the No. 1 lane, favored by crews at Poughkeepsie because it is nearest the west shore of the Hudson and supposedly is less rough. Syracuse is second, Washington third, Wisconsin fourth, Columbia fifth, California sixth and Cornell seventh.

Trophy for the varsity race is a three-foot silver cup, worth approximately $1,000, presented in 1898 by Dr. Louis L. Seaman of Cornell. Cornell's name is inscribed on it more often than that of any other college for twelve victories.

In addition to the pewter mug, every member of the winning boat gets a certificate establishing that he participated and helped win at Poughkeepsie.

Lesser Cups—Junior varsity shells race for the Kennedy Challenge Cup, donated in 1899 by Davidson Kennedy of Pennsylvania. The individual oarsmen get pewter mugs, but no certificates. Only entrants in the jayvee race this year are Cornell, Navy and Washington. Since 1924, Washington has won the Kennedy Cup five times, placed second three times and fourth twice.

Cornell, Navy, Columbia, Syracuse, Washington and California have boats entered in the freshman race for the Stewards' Cup, presented by Francis S. Bangs of Columbia in 1900.

While the Poughkeepsie regatta as such has been in existence only since 1895, this year's renewal marks the 100th anniversary of rowing on that part of the Hudson. The first regatta, on August 11, 1837, was won by the professional Washington Boat Club, of Poughkeepsie, against five other crews.

The lumbering, six-oared boats rowed a five-mile course. First prize was $200, second $100 and third $50.

SPORT SHOTS

From Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, where he is recovering from a triple skull-fracture suffered in a game at New York's Yankee Stadium on May 25, Gordon Stanley ("Mickey") Cochrane, famed catcher-manager of the Detroit Tigers, last week requested that he be removed from the active-player roster.

His spectacular playing career ended, Cochrane will continue as manager of the team he led to a world's championship in 1935.

* * *

In New York City's Yankee Stadium last week, 52,438 spectators, the largest amateur-boxing crowd in the city's history, watched the Italian team defeat the United States, six bouts to five, for the annual Golden Gloves International championship.

Only knock-out in the eleven three-round bouts was scored by an American boxer, 126-pound Willie Smith. Other American winners were 112-pound Bobby Carroll, a Negro; Jack Tolson, 147; Jack Sharkey, 160, and heavy-weight Jim Robinson.

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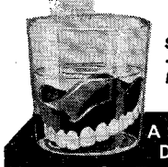

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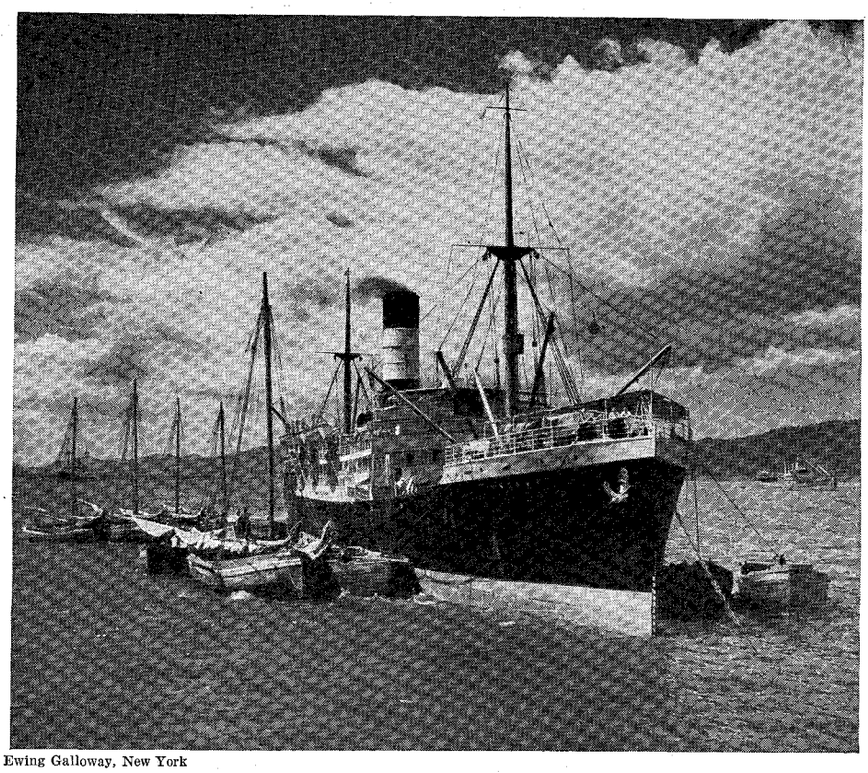

Ewing Galloway, New York

For a mere pittance adventurous souls can cruise on freighters to ports they dream about

Samarang, Sumatra, Sierra Leone and Shanghai. Jaffa, Malaga, Port Said and Angola.

The business of getting voyagers to these story-book places at "stay-at-home prices" (about $4 a day) assumed runaway proportions last week. The hard pressed fourteen-man staff of Tramp Trips, Inc., in New York worked overtime answering a weekly batch of 800 queries concerning passage on freighters. Daily, they turned away thirty to fifty travelers because boats were not available. Daily, also, they signed up round-the-world trippers for voyages in 1938, 1939 and even 1940. (To book future passage the traveler pays 25 per cent. of the cruise cost down, pays the remainder two weeks before sailing.)

For the 1937 season, Tramp Trips already has booked passage on freighters for 3,000 travelers, a 23 per cent. increase over last year—and a 900 per cent. increase over the business done in Tramp Trips' first year, 1933.

Germ—In that year, a red-headed, thirty-one-year-old employee of the Munson Line, Thaddeus Hyatt, quit his job in the operating division, because the company was retrenching and he might have been fired anyway. For months he pounded the sidewalks of New York in search of work, then, one day, suddenly wondered why he had not thought of going into the cruise business himself.

For Munson he had supervised unloading of cargo and passengers, had traveled much on freighters, had discovered, to his surprize, that they are not necessarily dingy, dirty nor old.

Hyatt remembered that freighters, as a rule, have several extra cabins in which passengers can be carried, the maximum usually averaging twelve. To obtain passage on a freighter, the voyager once had to be friends with a steamship executive.

Regular travel-agencies scorned freighter queries. By organizing an agency to book passage on cargo-ships, Hyatt hoped he could tap a large reservoir of travelers who heretofore had considered voyages beyond their means.

Hyatt, who was born in London and speaks with a trace of an English accent, thereupon haggled for desk-space in a building off the Battery, promised to pay rent when his business got under way. He borrowed $5 from his wife, advertised:

FREIGHTER VOYAGES—25-day Windward Islands cruise for $115.

At once, prospective voyagers began to dribble in. Hyatt scurried about the water-front, lined up accommodations on freighters, worked far into each night answering queries from all over the country. For his labors he received 5, sometimes 10, per cent. of the passenger's fare from the freighter owner. In the first year, he sold 300 tramp trips, expanded his office and hired clerical help.

Through Tramp Trips, modestly circumstanced persons find travel by freighter will stretch $125 to cover a twenty-two-day trip to the Spanish Main, to Puerto Rico, La Guaira and Puerto Cabello.

For $185, the traveler can take a thirty-eight-day voyage to the West Indies and South America, touch Tampa, Guadeloupe, Trinidad and British Guiana. For $500, he can sail on a five-passenger freighter to Africa, Singapore and India, touching at Port Elizabeth, Beira, Mombasa and Cape Town.

For $550, he can go around the world on an eight-passenger ship which takes him through the Panama Canal to Manila, thence to China, the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon and home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. For $5.50 a day and up, the traveler has his choice of numerous shorter cruises up and down the Pacific Coast, to Canada, through the Canal to California or to New York.

As word about freighter-travel got around, experienced travelers as well as neophytes flocked to Tramp Trips. Other agencies sprang up: Viking Voyages in New York and the Freight-Boat Travel-Bureau in Los Angeles.

Comfort—Cabins usually are amidships and outside and may be equipped with beds instead of bunks, windows instead of portholes. Travelers found that even the humblest of freighters may have deck-chairs and individual showers.

Freighters seldom carry doctors. Which, to some travelers, is fair enough, since it eliminates invalids, infants and garrulous aged folk. Freighters make no pretensions about food, and voyagers eat with officers.

On a Japanese ship, the traveler is likely to eat *sashimi* (raw fish); on a German boat, *wienerschnitzel*. Travelers have the run of the ship, get the feeling they are part of it, become engrossed in such maritime details as stowage of cargo, port entrance, transshipment of mail and "shooting the sun."

Voyagers will not parade about the deck accompanied by a band, but an officer may have a phonograph, or the traveler may bring his own radio. Most pleasure, he will find, will come unexpectedly from standing watch on the bridge in far-away seas, or from long talks with the officers.

No Swank—Tramp Trips advises clients to abjure evening clothes, counsels shorts and beach-pajamas and cotton dresses for women, slacks and sweaters for men.

The company also warns clients that while freighters sail on schedules, travelers must be prepared for sudden shifts in itinerary necessitated by changes in cargo. Under such circumstances, passengers may find themselves making shore-excursions to harbors which it would be difficult to find in the home atlas.

Tramp Trips has estimated that 65 per cent. of its clients are women. Sixteen married fellow passengers or ship's officers. At two weddings, Hyatt served as best man. For another, he received a grateful letter from an aunt, who thanked him for making it possible for her nephew to meet his "dream-girl."

Tramp Trips estimates it spends about thirty-five cents in answering a letter of inquiry, but some letters provide Hyatt and his staff with their best stories.

Yarns—One woman correspondent asked for passage on a barge for a trip down the Erie Canal. A young man wrote that he had $200 to spend and could Tramp Trips outline a two-year cruise to the Mediterranean, India, Rio de Janeiro, Java, China, Japan, the Philippines and, finally, home?

Many travelers believe they must take their bedding along. One lady traveler insisted on taking her dog with her on a world cruise. Since most ports at which the ship called required that dogs be quarantined for six months, the lady traveler failed to leave the ship for four months,

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got off only at Manila, where she was permitted to walk her dog unhampered.

Wide-spread demand for freighter-passage has stimulated the conversion of large freighters into "cargo-liners." Primarily freight-carriers, these ships have added decks for passengers, can carry 75 to 100 persons in comparison with the 500 to 2,000 on regular passenger liners.

Earnings—Increased demand has meant prosperity for Tramp Trips. The company's quarters now cover almost an entire floor.

Now, the founder of Tramp Trips can afford to take time out from his work. He relaxes from his job of placing people on boats by sailing his own catboat in the Great South Bay off Long Island.

SANCTUARY: "Buy Farm," Babson Advises, "Just in Case It Does Happen Here"

"Buy a farm," Roger Ward Babson, oracle of the 1929 crash, advised last week, "just in case—"

In his weekly market-letter, Mr. Babson put it this way:

"We have never advised farming as a money-making scheme. . . . We, however, do advise small farms as *insurance*. Every family should have such a farm to which it may go 'if it does happen here!' "

By the sinister phrase 'if it does happen here' the rangy, white-bearded economist of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, did not mean fascism. He referred to inflation.

A few years of rapid inflation would precipitate a stampede for farm-lands by city people, the prophet advised his clients. Since, according to Mr. Babson, the price of land is comparable to the price at which securities were selling three years ago, "prices should double."

Advice—Counseled Mr. Babson:

"Farms from ten to twenty acres may keep a family alive if the soil is good and the farm is close to the city. . . .

"Buy a farm which has always been profitable. It is usually unwise to buy, for insurance, (against inflation, in security) foreclosed property. . . . A good farm with buildings and equipment now takes from $8,000 to $15,000. Prices range from $75 to $150 an acre—less than one-half their price ten years ago."

Mr. Babson advised against buying land because it is cheap.

"The best land is always the cheapest, whether considering fertility for farming or location for development," he said. Remember that vacant, unproductive land can 'eat its head off,' in ten years.

"In case you desire to purchase a place upon which to 'retire,' we have a simple rule that has been very helpful. Select the State in which you wish to have your farm, then purchase a farm close to a college community. The right kind of college assures cultural advantages and marketability which non-college communities do not possess. . . . This rule should also be used by young people who are purchasing a farm to work."

Tip—The economist said he could not recommend farming as a business.

"We believe that statistics would show that more money has been lost in farming, hotel-keeping and investing than in any other way," he continued. "We, however, do believe that farming offers opportunities to those who are employed at part-time

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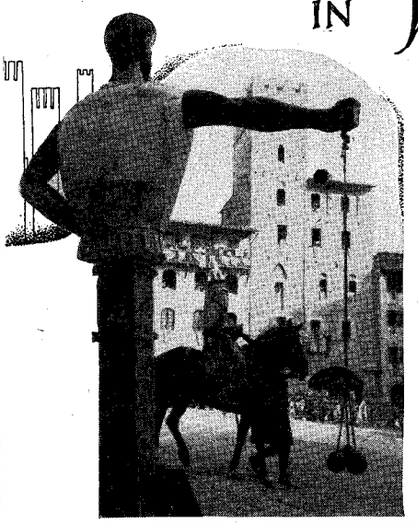

July . .	CREMONA:	The Second STRADIVARIUS Centennial
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	VERONA:	Lyrical Plays in the Arena
	FLORENCE:	Giotto's Sixth Centennial Exhibition
	SIENA:	First Palio
	ROME:	Festival of the Madonna del Carmine Symphony Concerts in the Basilica di Massenzio
August	ABBAZIA:	Summer Carnival at the Lido—Art Exhibition and Sea Festival
	AREZZO:	Joust of the Saracens
	PESCARA:	Acerbo Cup, International Motor Races
	VENICE:	International Show of Cinematographic Art — Nocturnal Feasts on the Canal Grande — The Tintoretto Exhibition — International Film Festival at the Lido
	SIENA:	Second Palio
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jobs or who have in town a restaurant, barber shop, small store or something else to give ready money. A young man who is trained as a cabinetmaker, optometrist, or watch-repairer may combine such a trade with farming and make a success, provided he has a good farm, close in."

Last week, Mr. Babson and members of his staff were rounding out a month-old junket through the farm-lands of the Central West, prepared to give further advice on farming along with investments.

SECTION 5: New Deal's Wage-Control Bite Is Too Big, Warns Labor-Leader Lewis

John L. Lewis shifted his massive bulk uneasily in a Washington hearing-room last week, sought to hold on to his temper and dignity in the face of sardonic questions by the terrier-like, thirty-two-year-old Senator from West Virginia, Rush Dew Holt.

Finally, Lewis exploded, ended the boyish Senator's baiting by demanding that his remarks be stricken from the record. The labor-leader then ran a vigorous hand through his brown mane and turned to the job of defending the Black-Connery wage-control bill as a "glimmer of sunlight for millions of submerged workers."

Members of the Senate and House Labor Committees had expected this approval. They were surprized, however, when Lewis turned on the disputed Section 5 of the measure, insisted in a booming, bass drawl that the New Deal was biting off more than it could chew in proposing that a Federal board use its discretion in regulating wages. Such a move, growled Lewis, was dangerous to labor.

Limits—The labor-leader's objection to wage-fixing by board fiat swelled the chorus of protests against this provision of the bill, seemed likely to doom it altogether and to limit the measure merely to setting a "ceiling" for hours and a "floor" for wages.

To newsmen in Washington, the Black-Connery bill really is Tommy Corcoran's bill, because it was written by Thomas Gardiner Corcoran, curly-haired, broad-shouldered member of the Brain Trust team of Corcoran and Benjamin V. Cohen (LITERARY DIGEST, May 22). Correspondents marveled at the thoroughness with which he had polished off the problem of labor relations, declared his 10,000-word bill hadn't missed a thing and, to prove it, cited this amazing sentence:

"The singular includes the plural and the plural includes the singular."

Enacted into law, Tommy Corcoran's bill would be known as the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1937, would impose upon industry and upon 34,000,000 non-agricultural workers "fair-labor standards" under which no employee works at an oppressive or substandard wage or work-week and child labor and oppressive labor practises are barred.

Drastic—Executives, hastily reading the portentous and drawn-out Black-Connery bill, realize that the measure is one of the most drastic and far-reaching of the New Deal. For example, the bill provides that its "provisions are to be construed and applied so as to encourage and protect the self-organization of employees for the purpose of collective bargaining and mutual aid." It would bar the hiring of strike-breakers and bar industrial spies.

Casting a skeptical eye at these provisions, David Lawrence, columnist, declared that "the Corcoran bill would really make labor-unions superfluous. One wonders what there is left for a labor-union to do and just why any worker should bother paying any dues when all the functions of wage regulations will be supervised by the Federal Government."

Standards of wages and hours, originally to have called for a forty-cent minimum per hour per forty-hour week and a $16 weekly minimum, were left undetermined in the bill. Which led critics to jeer that the problem of setting wages was so complicated that lawmakers were dumping it into the laps of the proposed five-man board.

All-Embracing—Altho the measure purports to deal only with products in interstate commerce, business executives realize that virtually no industry, however local in character, can escape supervision.

Most observers agree that the Black-Connery bill would not set up a new NRA. The NRA, which had failed even before the Supreme Court gave it its sockdolager, essentially was a measure for industrial self-control. As recovery developed, the NRA decayed because industry lost interest in the regulation which it had welcomed in 1933.

Many observers object that the new measure would place too much power in the hands of "five little dictators," would drive small industries out of business, would lower living standards through the unwise slashing of hours, that it could not solve the problem of varying sectional standards of living.

State Rights—Critics who advanced these objections maintain that the problem of wages and hours can be solved best by the States themselves. To this, proponents of the Black-Connery bill reply that the States have proved themselves backward in social legislation and that the States which need such legislation most are the least likely to act.

MORGAN STORM: Banker Thinks Congress, Not Taxpayer, to Blame for "Dodging"

Bronzed and weak but apparently recovered from the heart-ailment which drove him abroad several months ago, J. Pierpont Morgan returned from London last week aboard the Cunard liner *Queen Mary*.

Disregarding his physician's order to remain quiet, the sixty-nine-year-old head of J. P. Morgan & Co. invited four reporters into his stateroom for an interview, almost floored them by unburdening himself concerning the President's recently launched war on wealthy income-tax dodgers. The banker was quoted:

"If a government doesn't know enough to collect taxes, a man's a fool to pay them. Congress can make the tax laws, but has no right to insult the taxpayers. If stupid mistakes are made, Congress, not the taxpayers, must rectify them."

Split—That night tongues wagged vigorously throughout the country as the general run of taxpayers read Morgan's statement in their newspapers.

In Washington, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., said:

Pictures, Inc.

J. P. Morgan: "If stupid mistakes are made, Congress, not the taxpayers, must rectify them"

"Most people will disagree with the Morgan philosophy. I most certainly do."

House Members, adopting a resolution calling for a tax-dodging investigation, paused to express divided opinions. Morgan's remarks irked some; others felt "there was a lot in what he said."

Two days later, however, Morgan declared he had been "misinterpreted," made this statement:

"I certainly have no sympathy with tax-dodging or tax-evasion and had no thought of defending such practises. What I feel strongly is that when a taxpayer has complied with the law, he should not be held up to obloquy for not having paid more than he owed."

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Emerging within five years from the back-yard construction stage, the budding automobile-trailer industry last year produced 53,646 trailers, one sort or another, valued (factory gate) at $27,421,763. Released last week, the industry's first census shows the bulk were house-trailers—16,173 worth $525 apiece, or $8,496,021. Other sources estimate more than 160,000 house-trailers are being hauled over the country's highways this year, frequently parking where fancy of the occupants wills.

* * *

Delegates to the national convention of the American Institute of Banking at St. Paul last week displayed a hidden talent for housekeeping when employees called a strike at the Hotel Lowry, where the bankers were quartered. Acting as their own chambermaids, the bankers borrowed brooms, mops, dust-cloths and vacuum-cleaners from the management, tidied up their own rooms as the strike tied up the hotel. Shuttling back and forth between rooms and the hotel drug store, a brigade kept the 820 delegates supplied with cracked ice and smokes. To the bankers the strike was something of a lark.

* * *

A million dollars are swindled out of Canadians every week by loan-sharks, fake-charity promoters, bond racketeers, advertising swindlers and other financial racketeers, according to this city's Better Business Bureau.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

3 per cent. of Americans used glass eyes. Is not his figure too high? Cincinnati.

THE LITERARY DIGEST in its January 2 issue stated that one of every 500 Americans wears a glass eye (altho one in every 300 should). One in 500 equals one-fifth of one per cent. If our arithmetic still is sound, the glass-eye salesman has sold one-fifteenth the glass eyes he thinks he has.—*Editor.*

Life-Savers

By MORTON ROSEBERRY—

Congratulations to THE DIGEST for an excellent article on life-saving in the issue of June 5. As your Sports Editor points out, most of the 7,000 deaths by drowning in the United States each year could be prevented. Intelligently written, informative articles such as this should aid in preventing unnecessary swimming accidents.

Your Sports Editor has scored another bull's-eye in his selection of material which is more than mere reporting.

New York City.

Lord's Prayer

By EMILY S. HAMBLEN—

I note, in your issue of May 15, that a penman's change in the wording of the Lord's Prayer has been offered the Church to the end that the virtue of forgiveness may have a more ample scope. Hitherto, some have said *debts,* some have said *trespasses.* No longer need a choice be made—one may say both.

This is but another example of the way too many translators of the classics offer the modern reader renderings which will be easily intelligible to him. A word, a phrase, a passage may have a psychological content which was of profound significance to the ancient mind, but is alien to the modern mind.

The effort, in this case, is not to probe the depths of that strange consciousness, thereby enlarging man's knowledge of the story of human experience, but to reformulate it so that it may bear a close resemblance to the consciousness of man to-day.

It seems to me most important that we should wake from our childish literalness and make the attempt to penetrate to those psychological and spiritual truths which every great master has discerned.

Stanhope, New Jersey.

By FREDERICK FERRIS—

Under the heading, Religion, THE LITERARY DIGEST of May 15 carried an article on the Lord's Prayer.

It is interesting to note that Bertrand L. Conway, in answer to the question: "Why do not Catholics say the Lord's Prayer in full?" replies:

"Catholics say the Lord's Prayer as the Lord Himself taught it to His Apostles. The words cited above (For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever) from the King James version are a marginal gloss, interpolated by some copyist who had in mind words borrowed from the Greek liturgy. They were rejected as unauthentic by St. Jerome in the Fourth Century, as they have been rejected by the authors of the revised version in 1881 . . . ." Troy, New York.

Election System

By E. B. MARSHALL—

Here is a typical example of one absurdity often found in our modern systems of government:

In a recent primary election held by this city, all five councilmen were candidates for reelection. Four of them received majorities over their competitors; thereby were reelected without further ado. Because the fifth fell a few votes short of a majority, he and his nearest competitor had to compete again in a "run-off" election, held three weeks later, when he won by receiving 63 per cent. of the votes cast.

The contest between these two persons was the sole issue in the final election. Only 29,011 votes (less than 20 per cent. of the total registration) were cast in the 495 precincts. The election cost the taxpayers about $30,000, or $1 for each vote cast.

Without disparaging the business ability of these two candidates, it is questionable whether the service the victor could render to his city during one year would be worth $30,000 plus the salary. Would it not have been better to omit the second election and get along with four councilmen instead of paying such a price for the fifth?

These questions seem especially pertinent when it is noted that so few of the registered voters felt enough interest in the result to vote in the second election. Is it surprizing that taxes are high and constantly rising?

Oakland, California.

"THE PRESIDENT COMES THROUGH"

—Reg Manning in Arizona Republic

The Magazine

By STEPHEN ROSIN—

. . . You are to be congratulated on your new set-up of an already unbeatable magazine. THE DIGEST was fine before but, as they say in the movies, it's supercolossal now. Spokane.

By WALTER J. SKELLIE—

We are living far from our homeland, and your magazine helps us to keep up with what is happening in America. We could not go without it.

Luxor, Egypt.

By RALPH B. EARP, M.D.—

THE DIGEST is indispensable. Its power to gather news and give both sides of a debatable question is of the highest efficiency and fairness. Honesty and fairness make it trustworthy at all times. Permit me to add this tribute to you and your ability to publish a weekly that can be relied upon. It is a godsend to the busy professional and business man.

El Dorado, Kansas.

By CHARLES T. BUELL—

I enjoy your paper exceedingly. It gives us arguments on both sides so that we can form our own conclusions.

Newark, Ohio.

By PROF. FRANKLIN P. METCALF—

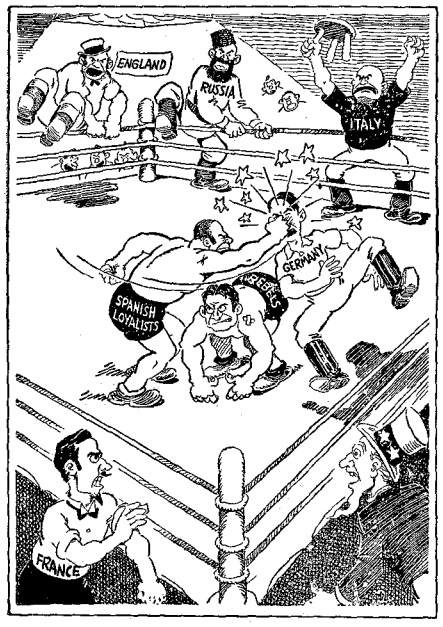
I do not feel that I can do without THE LITERARY DIGEST, even tho a year's subscription represents something over $25 in local currency.

Lingnan University, Canton, China.

By P. K. TOIVONEN—

Last year I asked an American friend to tell me something about the political and economic situation in the United States. As an answer, he sent me THE LITERARY DIGEST for one year.

I have renewed the subscription, and every new copy of THE DIGEST opens a new window to America for me. Finland.



"LOOK OUT FOR A FREE-FOR-ALL"

—Jack Patton in Dallas Morning Journal

A Letter Never Sent

By ROBERT HOGG—

Two or three weeks ago, I wrote you a letter which you have not received. And thereby hangs a tale.

I was stirred by, and critical of, your article on the Rugby game. Having played the game myself (many years ago), I was horrified by the suggestion in your article that a Rugby man should kick another man while he was down. In that letter which never went out, I argued that no man raised on Rugby would kick a man while he was down—that

NORTH POLE
A GROUP OF OLD TROTSKYITES PLOTTING A COUNTER REVOLT
COMRADE SEALS DISCUSSING A FIVE-YEAR PLAN
COMRADE POLAR BEAR TAKING OUT A SQUAD TO DO THEIR COLLECTIVIST FARMING
S. J. Ray

"NOW THAT THE RUSSIANS HAVE VISITED THE NORTH POLE"

—S. J. Ray in Chicago Daily Tribune

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Variety.—"What are you raising in your garden this year?"

"Johnson's Plymouth Rocks, Brown's Leghorns and Smith's Wyandottes."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

War.—"Where d'ya get the black eye?"
"In the war."
"What war?"
"The boudoir."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Reminder.—This bit of irony, sarcasm, or something, appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

On the Job.—MOTHER: "Baby is going to be an auctioneer when he grows up."

HUSBAND: "How do you know?"

MOTHER: "He already has your watch under the hammer."—*Furnica (Bucharest).*

Good Terms.—DOCTOR: "I will examine you for ten dollars."

PATIENT: "Go ahead. If you find it, I'll give you half."—*Wednesday Nite Life.*

Some Consolation.—SAILOR: "Will you marry me, dear?"

SHE (the dear): "No, but I will always admire your good taste."—*U. S. S. Pennsylvania Keystone.*

To Be Exact.—"Well, Mary," said the minister kindly, "you didn't come to our little gathering last night, after all. How was that?"

"Please, sir, I had a little gathering of my own that prevented me."

"Oh! and where was it?"

"If you please, sir, it was on the back of my neck."—*The Lutheran.*

Only When Necessary.—PREACHER: "Do you say your prayers at night, little boy?"

JIMMY: "Yes, sir."

PREACHER: "And do you always say them in the morning, too?"

JIMMY: "No, sir. I ain't scared in the daytime."—*Pathfinder.*

Caution.—"You remember when you cured my rheumatism a year ago, don't you, Doctor?" asked the patient, "and told me not to get myself wet?"

"Yes, Ephraim," replied the doctor.

"Well, I just wanted to ask you if you think it's safe for me to take a bath now?"—*Windy City Breeze.*

Unconscious Humor.—Once, it is said, Stalin took Karl Radek to task for telling too many stories against him. "After all," said Stalin, "I am the leader of Russia."

"That joke is not mine," replied Radek calmly.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

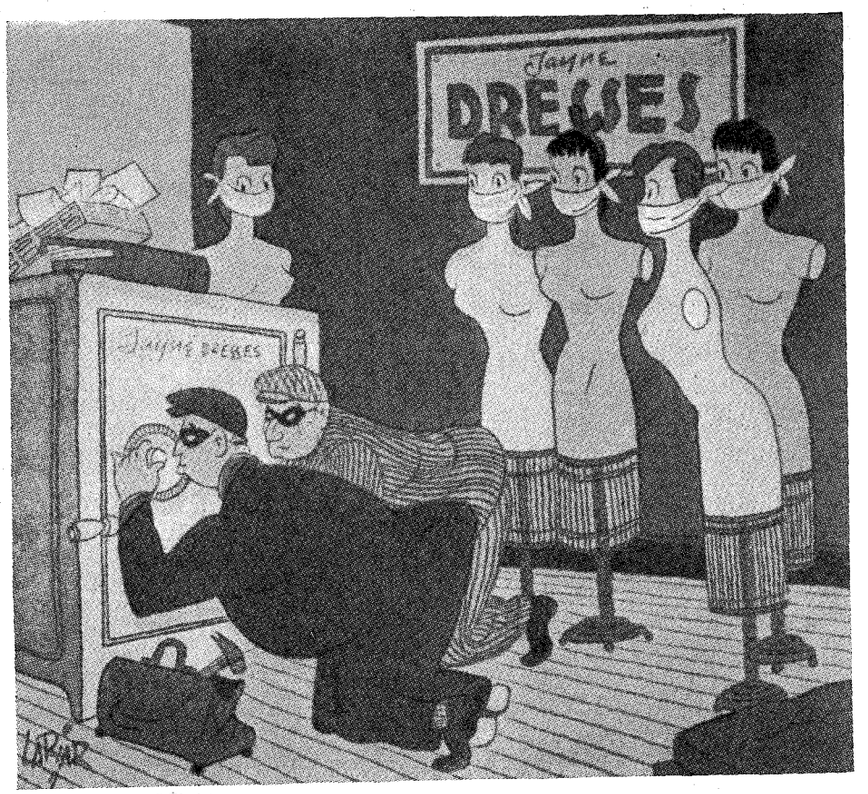
Too Much.—A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said:

"When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was tied, I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one-dollar prize' I gave up trying."—*Catalina Islander.*

Worry.—A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor shouted at him:

"Quick! How many feet has a centiped?"

The man came back in a dry voice, "Gosh! Is that all you got to worry about?"—*Punch Bowl.*



By Lariar, Courtesy Collier's

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

De Berard — engineering editor — stress on *deb: deb'er-ard.*

Shidzue Ishimoto—Japanese writer—as if spelled *she-zoo-ay ee-she-mo-to.*

Speicher — artist — as if spelled *spiker.*

Swartwout — architect — second *w* silent: *swart'out.*

Terhune — dog-lover and writer — stress *hune;* or, *ter-hewn'.*

Yust—librarian—rimes with *roost.*

Zinsser—New York banker—as if spelled *sin'ser.*

Slips That Pass in Type

ONION PROSPECTS REPORTED STRONG
—*Walla Walla (Wash.) paper.*

Is this something new?

In a little while all, except L———, had completely recovered. Later the deputy rested fairly weasily on his other hip.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) paper.*

He'll probably get his animal spirits back any day now.

HAYDEN PROPOSES BILL GIVING STATE SHEEP RESEARCH WORK
—*Tucson (Ariz.) paper.*

That'll call for some tall cud-chewing.

Strayed—Dirty fire-haired fox terrier with black harness. White with black markings on head. Reward.—*Monterey (Calif.) paper.*

Lady, if you think anybody wants that hot-dog you're wrong.

ZEPHYR HITS AUTO HERE, KILLS TWO
—*Fort Worth (Tex.) paper.*

Storm-warning: Slight breeze springing up. Prepare for worst.

Altho "Mamma S———'s hair is white, the years have toughed her only slightly.—*New Albany (Miss.) paper.*

Hey, youse kids, gimme dat clay pipe.

Slugging and shooting marked a day of dramatic developments in industrial centers, Congress and legislative halls.—*Montgomery (Ala.) paper.*

Six Senators slain seeking passage of new love-nest act.

NEW BRISTOL POSTOFFICE NEARING COMPLETION WILL PROVIDE MAIL FACILITIES
—*Bristol (Conn.) paper.*

What will they think of next?

Before going on vacation have home exterminated; $1.50 up.—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

No more worry about stopping the milk and ice.

JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAISES CATS FOR FUN
—*Norfolk (W. Va.) paper.*

What a sense of humor these Japanese have.

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